Betty Irwin IA

Conning Tower



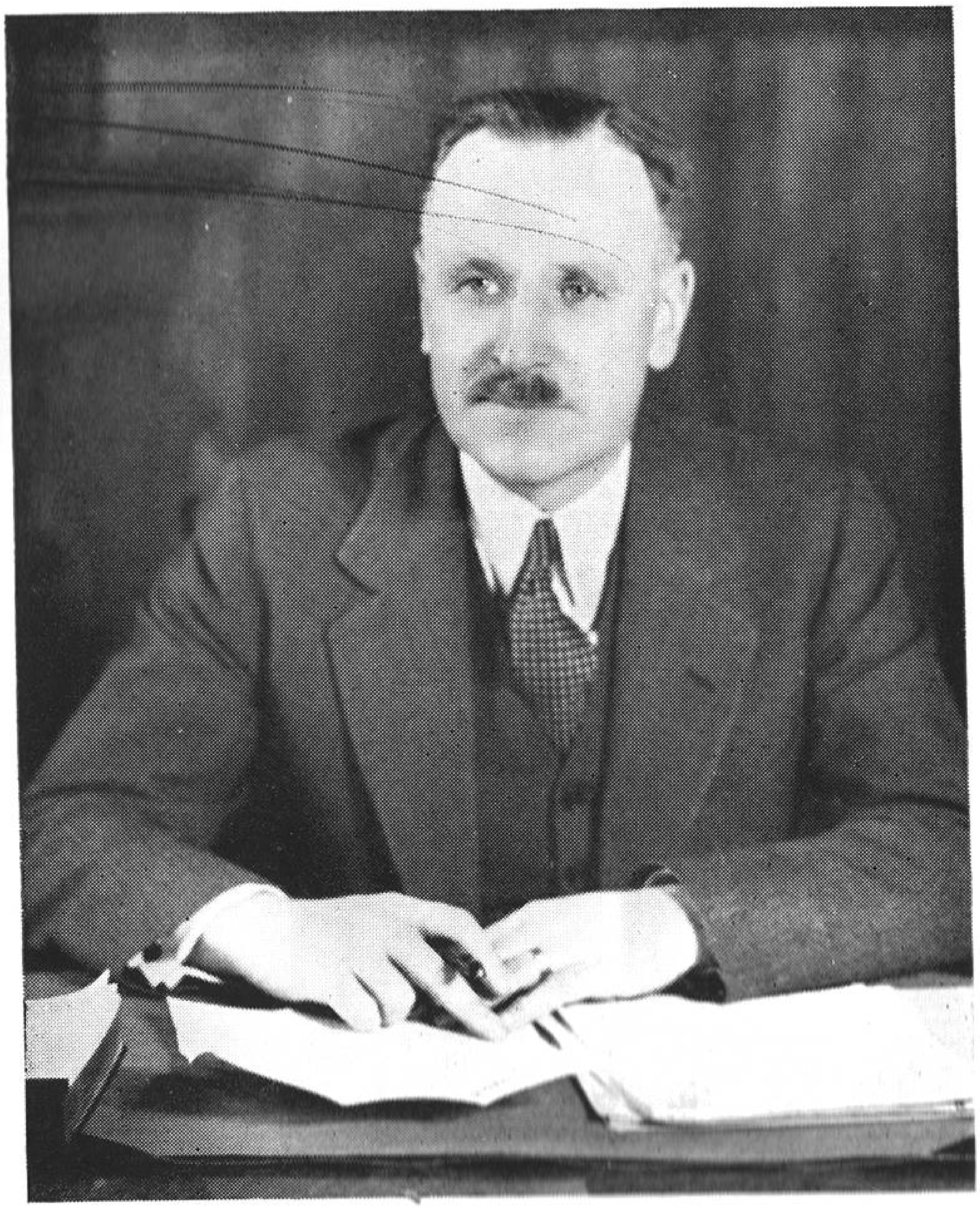
1939 Weston

To Our Advertisers . . .

WE THANK YOU

for your assistance and generous co-operation.

THE STAFF . . .
"THE CONNING TOWER"
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E. H. G. WORDEN
Principal
Weston Collegiate and Vocational School

FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to introduce *The Conning Tower* once more. Its preparation this year, as in other years, has been a splendid co-operative enterprise. We have been fortunate in uncovering so many workers with such a high level of ability for the conduct of practical affairs, and the will to work together.

During the past year the numbers in the school have increased. The Fall Term started with an increase of a hundred and twenty-five, which taxed our resources to provide accommodation. It is of interest to note that the general spirit in the school has overcome the difficulties which rise out of this condition.

The reader will notice an increase in the number of extra-curricular activities. These clubs and groups are active, and there is sufficient variety to meet the needs of the student body.

To those who will leave us this year, we wish the greatest measure of success in your various undertakings. In spite of the uncertain and changing conditions in the world today, the old fashioned virtues are still in demand. Never has there been greater opportunities for the self-reliant, trained student who is not afraid of work.

In conclusion, may I express my appreciation and thanks for the continued co-operation of the staff and the whole student body during the past year.

E. H. G. WORDEN

The Conning Tower

VOL. II | MARCH, 1939 | NO. 3

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Dedication

TO ALL THE PUPILS OF THIS SCHOOL,
AND TO THEIR FUTURE SUCCESS, WE DEDICATE THIS,
OUR THIRD ANNUAL MAGAZINE

—THE STAFF,
The Conning Tower

In Memoriam

March, 1939: Mr. Joseph Soper, caretaker of this school for fifteen years, passed away.



DRAWN BY JIM BRADFORD V3

Here we are again! Regardless of wars and rumours of wars, the pupils of this school have survived to put forth this little volume. School year books grow more dear as the years pass. Don't forget to brush back your gray hairs, adjust your spectacles, and peer into this magazine in the distant future.

I pause to cast a verbal orchid to my faithful staff. Every Wednesday night, until the janitor saw fit to throw us out, they assembled and listened to my endless threats, instructions, entreaties and promises. In united effort we urged on the literary aspirants of the school, assembled our manuscripts, and from a tangled mass of material we turned out the finished product.

I have not been too strict with the censorship; in fact, I added in a remark of my own here and there. Forgive me, reporter, I beseech thee. You see, I figure that even if the more savoury remarks were torn out, the school would hear them anyway, by means of the unfailing grapevine system, which operates in the halls between school hours. At any rate, our certified scandal or rather gossip-collectors, the form reporters, seem to have us all analyzed; mirabile dictu, some of us aren't so bad after all! (Mirabile dictu—you wouldn't have believed me if I hadn't told you.)

This school has so many activities this year, that many of us are seriously considering the necessity of giving up our school work to give the proper amount of time to our clubs, teams, societies and executives. However, gentle persuasion from powers beyond our control kept us on the straight and narrow path. What with boxing, rugby, hockey, gym. work, basketball, art, photography, drama and music, one must have been either very listless or very busy outside school if one of the activities in the above inventory did not enthrall him. Even those lucky souls whose heels clattered away at 3.40 sharp were enticed back by the most supermagnificent ice skating offered on our winter rink.

Did I hear someone mumbling, "Yea, but we haven't got a swimming pool like every other school"? Don't worry, brother, in a few years your grandson will be demanding a flying field, "like all the other schools have". A school's reach must exceed its grasp, or what's a Board of Education for?

Never must a magazine be published without a toast to the graduating classes. Just now, as examinations are imminent, we are grateful for any prayers, toasts, or encouragements on behalf of our uncertain plight. However, I am sure that when the last question has been answered in June, a great number of pupils in the upper forms will have given their last excuse in this school. The thought is terrifying to say the least! As usual, some of us leave with our fingers crossed, others leave to head for the top quam celerrime (as soon as they can get there). Read next year's alumni to learn our respective fates, and may you find favourable reports! "Oh gosh, we hope you do!" (The voice of Form V.)

If this editorial does not seem elaborate, it may interest you to know that I have rewritten it so many times, and condensed it so much, that I feel safe in believing that it is now quite suitable for the *Readers' Digest*.

. . . ! ! ! ? $! ! 0 ! . . This series of dots, exclamations and other signs of omission represent the space usually taken up by editors in reviling, slandering, and otherwise belittling Hitler, Mussolini, Mr. Hepburn, and the city fathers. I refrain . . . you're well informed . . . you probably know those writers' opinions already. However, I just can't resist giving you

my opinion on how Europe got into her present state of affairs. After all, I haven't been taking modern history for six months for no good reason. So, here is my credo regarding Europe!

Ever since the French Revolution forced drastic changes onto mediaeval France, the western world has been moving on to freedom and democracy. The peasants of France, under their dreaded Tribunals, the peasants of Italy under red-shirted Garibaldi, and the peasants of Germany under Bismarck, rose to unprecedented heights of power, and freedom of thought and deed. Cruel criminal laws, overbalanced imperial power, and illiteracy in the common ranks have all passed away in the aftermath. Today we boast of our freedom from every platform and journal; every day new reforms further the safety of the people's rights. Why then, in Europe, where first reformation started, is freedom first abolished? Is it the beginning of the end? Is democracy just a cycle in the march of time? No! So steadily have we progressed since the middle ages, so much have we learned in literary and scientific fields, that it would be attempting to dam an ocean flood to try to suppress our modern civilization's purpose and culture.

The countries of Europe, broken and desperate after the war, greeted joyously any leader who claimed to be able to lead them from their social and economic chaos. In their elation they placed all their confidence and power in their leaders' hands. The leaders fulfilled their promises, one must admit; they removed the economic crises and they improved the social life of their countries; but instead of honourably allowing their fellow countrymen to take over the government again, they used the people's confidence and power to imbed themselves in their high positions. Ambition led to jealousy, jealousy led to unjust suppressions, unjust suppressions led to open opposition, and the dictators, to restore their people's confidence, and to prove or forever lose their might, now lead their countries to war again. The downfall of "might by power" is inevitable; the unfortunate victims of this modern tragedy, the people themselves, will be right back where they were in 1918. May they use better judgment when next they plan their future.

Having informed you of my view on the European situation, as so many writers have done, I pass on to my last topic for discussion.

This is a magazine designed for the graduates' enjoyment. Graduates of very early years will find some of their school life recalled by a few of their former schoolmates; the graduates of the last few years will enjoy seeing how that first form bunch of 1933-34 is getting along in fifth. Salutations, sons and daughters of Weston High! We hope to find you firmly established in the outer world when we come forth presently to carve ourselves a niche. Please drop a line to the editor; tell me of your school days if you attended this school a long while ago. If any friends in distant parts receive *The Conning Tower,* let me know. Perchance both British and Edmonton, Alberta, mails will contain magazines. This is really a well-known book!

I close this editorial with a hope which is ever with us these war-clouded days. May peace attend us! I sincerely hope that when we look into this book years hence, we may be able to smile at the recollection of our fears of strife today. Now one more editor lowers his pen, and prepares to issue his little masterpiece, *The Conning Tower*. May many more helmsmen steer the school magazine to success! To teachers, pupils, and friends I present your year book, *The Conning Tower!*

GORDON WOOD

"What Fools These Mortals Be"

By FERN BERRY

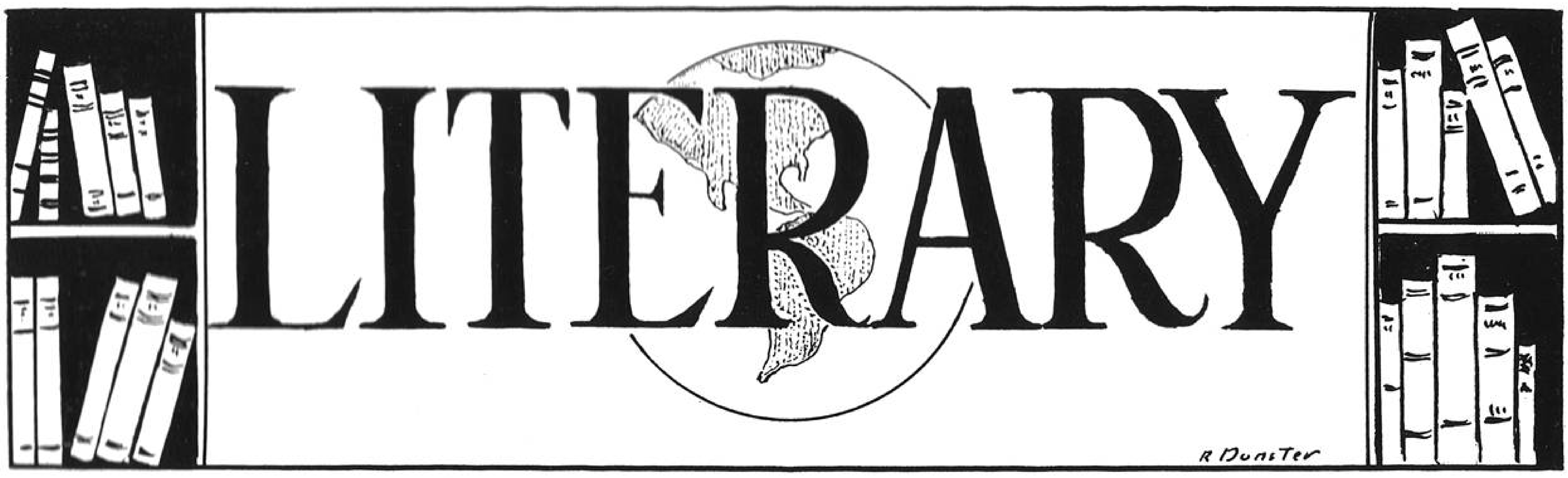
We, the people, who consider ourselves the most important item on God's list of creations, should take a few precious moments of our lives to consider our true standing on the list.

We inhabit about one third of a planet called earth. This planet, with seven other major planets, numerous minor ones, and countless planetoids, make up the solar system. The volume of one of these planets, Jupiter, exceeds that of the earth about 1,200 times. It is strange, when we come to think of it, that we do not possess very much land. The moon, although it is only some 200,000 miles away, a very short distance in space, has never been honoured by a visit from us. We do, however, find a great use for it as a subject for popular songs, and to stir tender passions in the heart of the big strong male of the species for the weak little female. That is really a clever idea.

Our geologists calculate the earth to be 200,000,000 years old and yet we, who marvel if one of us lives to be a hundred years old, dare consider ourselves important. We certainly do have marvellous reasoning powers.

The air, the land, and the sea have been conquered by humans—mortals—men—us. This is a great achievement and has given us a sense of great importance. But our air-ships, trains, and automobiles crash, and our ships sink into

Continued on page 25.



Sir Edwin Wins His Lady

By Harry Skelton

The wind was whispering softly through the trees and the fleecy clouds moved silently across the darkened sky. A silvery moon shone upon the earth, softening the stern lines of the gaunt and grim castle, which under other circumstances would have looked too true to be good.

Down the winding roadway to the castle came an object sheathed in the latest armour-plate. It might have been an armoured car, a tank, or even a battleship, except that it walked erect, wore a sword, and carried a bunch of daisies. It was in fact Sir Edwin Postelthwaite-Tinkerton-Smith, K.C.B. (1315-1385). He was a renowned warrior, in his own estimation, and, since no one else knew better—he was a renowned warrior. As he approached the gate the gate-keeper awoke. He had been interrupted in a dream of roast venison and French wine, and was not in the best of humour.

"Hi, out thar!" he cried, "'Ow d'yer h'expect a feller to git enny sleep wit' yer infernal rattling? Go on, now, or I'll 'ave the 'ounds turned on yer."

"Thou wouldst not speak so harshly if thou wist who is here," came the reply. "It is I, Sir Edwin, come to see the fair Lady Elmerina."

"O, 's you, is it? Well, pass then, but if ye're caught, remember you climbed the wall."

With this parting injunction ringing in his ears, Sir Edwin moved towards the huge black shadow which marked the keep. He clanked soulfully to a position below one of the windows of the castle. Ancient ivy covered the even more ancient wall at this point. Holding on to this to keep his balance, for his helmet was heavy, he threw back his head and burst into song. It was a favourite old ballad that soared like a geyser from his soul.

"Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with yooooo.
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me troooo."

The dialect was difficult, but he handled it admirably.

"Let me see the lovelight shining
In your eyes so bloooo,
Let me call you sweetheart,
I . . . .

His voice failed. Weighted as he was with armour, he could not reach that note.

At the beginning of his song the window above him had opened, and a fair head had come into view. Elmerina de Clancy had always been a beauty. At present her long silken hair was done up in divers braids, each with an alluring bow at the end of it. She now called:

"Go on, Edwin; go on. It's so beautiful! I'm so thrilled!"

These words stirred Sir Edwin's soul like an egg-beater. With one great resolve filling him, he threw off his armour, grasped the vines, and began to climb. When he was several yards up he swelled his chest till the buttons flew off his jerkin, and lo and behold! he reached the note—

". . . . 'n love with yooooo!"

He shrank like a punctured balloon, and prepared to climb down. He looked once and then again. It was a long way down, and the spike of his helmet was straight below him.

Finally he had an inspiration. Swelling up again, he proceeded with another verse, this time singing an octave higher, but not yet in tune:

"Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with yoooo,
If I fall from up here,
It is tooo . . dle . . oooo . .
If you see me squash below you,
Shed a tear or twoooo,
I'll be thinking of you . . "

He climbed a little higher, and finished the verse. In this way he reached her window, a feat he would not have attempted but for this moral support.

"Darling!" she exclaimed, as he scrambled in

the window, "it was so nice of you to come." "But . . ." she looked around, fearfully, ". . . you mustn't be seen here. Father would take seven fits if he caught you with me."

Without a word, Sir Edwin grasped his lady around the waist, swung out of the window, and, singing

"Asleep in the deep . . . ."

zipped down so fast that he left his voice in the second story. When he recovered it, he turned to Elmerina:

"Come, my dear, we must be off. Someone may have heard us whispering in your room."

"I shouldn't be surprised. They're always spying on me. I never have a moment's peace." And the maiden began to sob.

Sir Edwin gathered her to him like a sack of flour, and patted that yellow head.

"Come, dearest, let us sit on one of the benches in yonder park and enjoy the moon, and I trow that your woes will leave you."

Seated on one of the benches in the park, Sir Edwin began to speak from his heart:

"My dearest one, for some time I have pitted my mental strength against a perplexing problem. As you know my father has died, and now I am alone in the world, with no one to darn my socks and sew on buttons. It has been my great hope that you . . . ."

"Oh, Edwin, are you really proposing? But no . . . ." her face fell with a thud, "my father would never stand for it. He might even start a war with you, and even you couldn't fight all his retainers."

"Mmmph," said Sir Edwin.

"But darling . . . ." he began again.

As they had been speaking, a burly figure had materialized from the gloom, and now the moon revealed a hefty-looking individual.

"Ah . . ah," said he, "I caught youse dat time. An' now, I'll t'ank youse for any small change y' have on yuh. Say, . . " for the first time he looked closely at the maiden. "Yer da datter o' Baron de Clancy, aincha? He's de gink wot had me run out o' town. Well, I'll just take you along of me, an' I'll make old walrus-puss like da dust."

Sir Edwin rose to the occasion.

"Stop, you scoundrel," he cried, reaching for his sword; "or I'll fill you so full of holes that you'll look like a pepper-pot!"

His hand grasped empty air.

"Begad, it's not here! You fiend, have you. . . No! I left it with my armour below her window!"

"Ho!" said the thief. "Some guardian you are. Youse can tell walrus-puss how you stood by an' watched because ye kept forgettin' yer sword. Ho! ho!"

"You villain! hear me. If you harm one hair of Lady Elmerina's head, I shall not leave it unavenged. The day shall come when I will drive my bloody sword through your foul heart. Go at once, or you shall have cause to regret your actions of this night."

Brave words, these, but unconvincing when there was no sword to back them up. The villain leered evilly at Sir Edwin and slowly approached.

Meanwhile hope had left Lady Elmerina when she found her champion had no sword. Softly she drew a jewelled dagger, and held it close.

"Anything is better than being a prisoner of that fiend," she thought. "One stab and all will be over." With that she thrust the blade up between the slats of the bench. Edwin, backing away from the kidnapper, bumped into the bench and sat down. With a wild yell he leaped up and landed on his adversary. Taken by surprise by this attack, the latter fled. Edwin returned to his lady.

"My hero!" she cried, and fainted into his arms.

"Now can we be wedded?" he asked when she had recovered.

"No, my darling, it is impossible. My father won't let me marry any but a rich man. He'd kill any other. You see, he's been betting on the latest battles in France, and his side always loses. He's lost most of his fortune and so wants to sponge on my husband."

"Oh, is that all?" cried the knight. "I was going to tell you that though my father was poor when he died, he was very rich once and he had kept up his life insurance payments. So now I have come into quite a fortune. When we are wedded we will go off to where your father can never find us. . . ."

"My darling!" breathed the enraptured maiden.

●

LATIN STUDENTS!!

Here are the ten best films of the year in Latin, as taken from the Latin newspapers in Mr. Christie's room.

1. Niveam Candidam (et septem parvi viri).
2. Non Potes Id Tecum Ferre (cum Edward Arnold).
3. Caterva Musicae Celeris Alexandri.
4. Oppidum Puerorum (cum Spencer Tracy et M. Rooney).
5. Maria Antoinette.
6. In Antiqua Chicago.
7. Robin Hood.
8. Arx (cum Robert Donat).
9. Amor Andreium Hardy Invenit.
10. Turbo (cum Dorothy Lamour et J. Hall).

"Danse Macabre" (*Dance of Death*)

By LORNA FRASER

The thunderous applause of an appreciative audience recalled the conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to render the selection which would bring the evening's musical programme to a close.

The lights were dimmed, leaving only a circle of mysterious, blue haze around the orchestra. The audience waited expectantly, and soon the sound of a bell tolling the hour of midnight broke the silence of the auditorium. A single violinist dressed in the hideous costume of Death stepped on to the platform, and began to tune his fiddle; slowly and mysteriously dancers in the forms of skeletons appeared, gathering in a group on the stage, as if obeying the call of their leader, Death.

With a crash of cymbals, Death commenced his terrible dance. The grotesque spectre played wildly on his violin, while the skeletons danced in seeming glee, their bones rattling in time with the music. During the dance, Death uttered weird shrieks and cries, and seemed, by his horrible laughter, to mock all humans who dared to come near his cemetery at the ghostly midnight hour.

Then the scene changed. A lonely hill was silhouetted against a deep, rose-tinted, twilight sky, and alone on the top of the hill stood the gallows. The wind sighed and moaned. The rope tossed restlessly in the mournful breeze, as though beckoning to some unfortunate criminal doomed to hang. From the other side of the hill appeared the skeletons, forming a column on either side of the gallows. They performed ghostly motions and, working their dance up to a climax, turned, and fled down the hill, with the wind whistling after them, as they shrieked and screamed.

Resuming their former positions on the stage, the skeletons repeated their first dance, but with a burst of orchestral music, the group danced more wildly and fantastically than ever. The ugly, grinning face of Death became more hideous as he worked harder and faster to end the revelry before the coming of dawn. The skeletons screeched and screamed in the most blood-curdling manner, and just as the gruesome dance was concluded, the cock crowed, signifying that dawn had arrived.

Immediately Death and his associates scurried away to their graves in the cemetery; the stage was left empty, illuminated only by the shadowy, blue light as at the beginning of the dance. The orchestra completed the composition, and then the great hall was slowly lighted again. Amidst deafening applause the conductor bowed, and thus the programme was concluded.

My Ocean Trip

By KAI BARKER

It was exactly one minute after midnight when our steamship, the *New York*, left the New York harbour. Amid sobs, cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, I felt the boat gradually moving out into the Hudson River towards the ocean. It was rather a lonely feeling to see the famous skyline fade in the distance. The tiny lights of Coney Island seemed to guide our boat down the river.

I stayed up on deck as long as I could—it was so warm—and I wanted to see as much land as I could, for we were to be approximately seven days at open sea. However, it wasn't long before I went down to my cabin very tired from all the excitement.

The first morning found all but three of us in the best of condition after a good night's sleep. Since I was one of those three, I have very little to say for that first day. It was just my luck to have to miss the first entertainment after our embarkation, which was movies, shown in the dining room.

The next day I was feeling fine, and when the bugle blew in the morning to wake us up, it did not take long for me to be up and dressed. I went into the dining room for my breakfast. I suppose I should have said it did not seem to take long, because when I got down to the dining room breakfast was over, and since it was time for the "second sitting", I had to do without it. So far I hadn't had anything to eat since I got on the boat, and I certainly was hungry.

When I went upstairs to what is called "B deck", I saw many of the German boys and girls, as well as our own Canadian group. Some were gathered around in little groups talking, others were playing ping-pong. The morning passed very quickly, and at a quarter to eleven a German band gathered around the ping-pong table and began to play German music. At eleven o'clock a cup of soup was served to anyone who wanted it. Sharp on the dot of twelve another bugle blew, this time for dinner, and believe me I was on time! What a meal! There were five courses, yet this was only called "Gabelfruhs-



STAFF OF MAGAZINE

Front Row, left to right—J. Hill, P. Church, H. Jeffrey, G. Wood, M. Boake, A. Dougherty, Mr. Brooks.

Back Row—R. Grosskurth, M. Hall, P. Kryskow, F. Watson, V. Shaw, W. Cairns, J. McClelland.

tuck", or luncheon. At the end of every meal except breakfast we were given fruit, usually apples, but occasionally pears.

The afternoons were usually spent in reading, sleeping, playing shuffle-board, or lying in the deck chairs in the sun. At about two-thirty a sailor would come around with the daily newspaper called *The Atlantic Post*. It was a small newspaper, but contained a great deal of interesting news, stories in English and German; one corner of it was always used for announcing what entertainment was being provided for that evening.

At four o'clock, without the sound of a bugle, everyone gathered in the dining room for afternoon tea. This was just a small meal; all that was served was a large plate of cakes, cookies, and dainty pastries, with a cup of tea or coffee, whichever was preferred.

After this, some of our group went upstairs, and others went to their cabins. It was just about this time that we passed our first boat; the sailors said it was only a whale boat.

If I may speak again of eating, I would like to mention the menu card for the evening meal.

DINNER

Cream of Chicken with Mushrooms
Fried Boston Sole
Tomato Sauce
Potatoes
Roast Long Island Duckling
Red Cabbage
Roasted Potatoes
Rice with Ham and Peas
Cucumber Salad
Apple Sauce
Vanilla Ice Cream with Egriots
Holland Cheese
Fruit
Coffee *Tea*

At 9:30 p.m.—Sandwiches.

This will give you just a vague idea of the wonderful meals we had on our trip.

The entertainment that evening was a "Vintage Festival". All the entertainment was held in the huge dining room. All the tables and chairs were moved to the sides, the rug removed, and in the centre of the room was a raised platform used for dancing.

Throughout the whole trip the evenings always produced some sort of entertainment, either movies or dancing, and on Sunday night a concert where the orchestra played German classical music.

On August the third we were scheduled to arrive in Cherbourg, France, at about six o'clock in the morning. Knowing this, and also that we would probably miss seeing it, a group of us stayed in the ping-pong room all night. Then when morning came, the noise of the people coming on board, and the huge cranes loading automobiles, parcels and luggage into the hold, would be sure to waken us. It did, and about ten very sleepy individuals sauntered up onto the top deck again—the first time for days.

When all was over we went to bed. The next stop would be Southampton, England—but that was to be about six o'clock that night, so we would be able to see it without having to stay up all night.

The next day we reached Heligoland, which the German boys described as being "Germany's Gibraltar". Then we proceeded until we saw our first view of Germany, which I will never forget. It was so neat and clean! From the sea up to the banks of the port were stone walls; above that were beautiful lawns of green grass, houses with red roofs. Everything was so spotlessly clean!

At the pier, hundreds of people were welcoming the people on our boat to Germany; a German band was playing as loud as it could. After the boat docked, all the Germans remained silent, saluting Hitler, with the exception of the band, which played on until it came to the end of that song; then everyone shouted "Heil Hitler" and lowered their arms.

It took us until about two o'clock to get off, because we had to show our passports to some officials and secure a ticket; only then were we allowed to disembark.

It wasn't until I set foot on ground and looked at the huge ocean liner that I began to realize how far I was from home! As much as I knew the things that had been said about the Germans and their country, after meeting so many friendly Germans on the boat coming over, I somehow knew that we were due for a wonderful time in their land, and that it was most unnecessary for anyone to worry about us.

* * *

The return trip to America on the *S. S. Hamburg* on September the first was equally eventful.

We were a little more lonesome, for the forty German students, who had come from New York with us on the way over, were not with us.

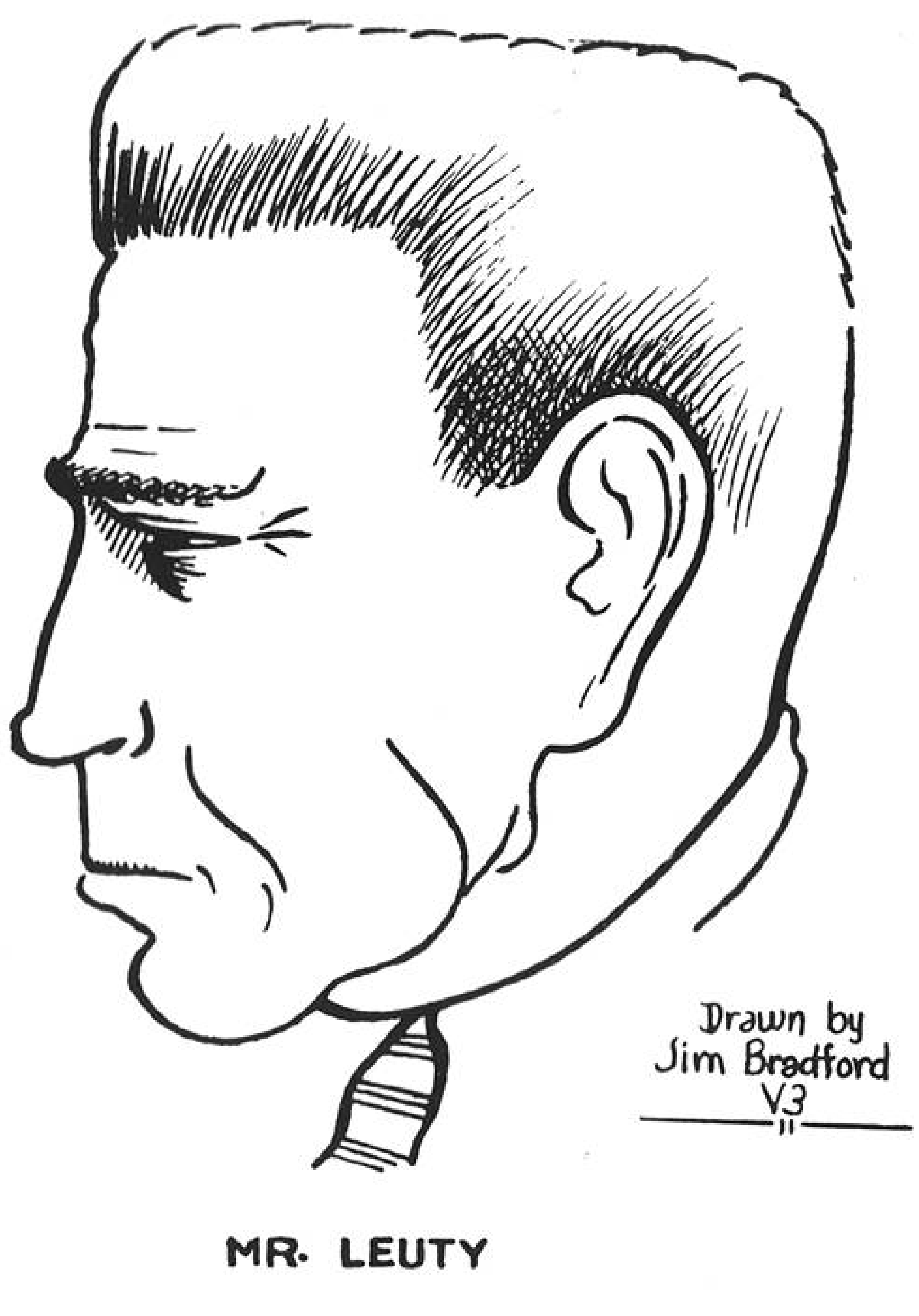
The second day away from port, Captain Koch sent for Miss Smith and Professor Boeschenstein. We learned that through the Captain's generosity we were to be given the privilege of using the first class sports deck from eight-thirty till ten o'clock every morning. There were many choices of sports: deck tennis, shuffle-board, bowling, and many games, the names of which I don't remember. Of course, if any one wanted to go for a walk, ten times around the sports deck was one mile!

After this, from ten-thirty until eleven, the girls were privileged to have the first class gymnasium. By the time all this was over we were prepared to eat luncheon and sleep, or remain rather quiet for the afternoon. When the evening came, again there was always movies or dancing.

On Sunday afternoon, September 4, our little group was honoured by an invitation to have afternoon tea with the Captain—a memorable event, that I'm afraid space does not permit me to tell you about.

The final event of the voyage was an "Abschieds Abend" or farewell dinner, and after the dinner a Fancy Dress Ball.

The next morning at seven o'clock our boat docked at the New York harbour, bringing to an end a glorious, and most eventful trip across the ocean—to say nothing of our wonderful time in Stuttgart.



MR. LEUTY

Nature Takes a Hand

By BILL CAIRNS

"Very neatly done indeed." John Roberts congratulated himself as he gazed down triumphantly at the still figure slumped across the mahogany desk.

Carefully, he took the hypodermic needle in his gloved hand, and placed it in the limp fingers of his late partner, John Enderby. This done, he sat down in a nearby chair for a last check-up of his plans. His mind ran quickly over all the carefully plotted details of his crime.

Enderby's family was in Europe. The house was a veritable fortress with ingenious burglar-proof equipment, installed by Enderby as protection for his world famous collection of jade and valuable curios, necessitating a key to gain entry; the place was closed, and the servants dismissed for the season. Fortunately, the house was sufficiently isolated, so that no troublesome witnesses would appear and spoil his plans. The hypodermic was Enderby's own, which he used nightly to take sleeping potions. Since it was well known that Enderby was a sufferer of insomnia, the police, when they finally appeared, would naturally think that J. Enderby had taken an unusually strong dose of the drug by mistake. When Enderby's habits became known, everyone would think that he had come out to his home to spend the night, quietly enjoying himself, poring over his collection of jade, of which he was inordinately fond.

There had been little love lost between the two men of late; for a long time John Roberts had known that his partner had wished to crowd him out of the partnership. Ever since a week ago, when he had learned that Enderby knew of a mistake, which he, Roberts, had made several years before, and which, if it reached the ears of certain persons, would mean disbarment from his profession, he had been planning carefully.

Carefully, he checked up. There must not be the faintest clue that he had been in the house this night. All seemed to be well! However, something kept nagging at the back of his mind for recognition. Had he forgotten anything? No, nothing, and hadn't he worn gloves—gloves—there, that was it! Enderby had dropped one of his gloves in his car when they drove up to the house—not that it would matter, probably, if the glove were missing, but then, he didn't want to take a chance on anything, be the danger ever so remote.

He jumped up, and, not bothering to don his hat and coat, went out, leaving the outside door slightly ajar. The wind was rising, he noted, as he retrived the glove from the car.

As he started back toward the house he chuckled to himself. It had all been so easy. The day after tomorrow, he would call the police, and in a worried voice tell them that he had not been able to locate his partner at his club or city home for two days now, and would they kindly investigate? That was the trick card that would turn all the suspicion from himself.

"Yes," he acknowledged silently, "the perfect crime! And it was all so easy!"

Unfortunately, what John Roberts did not know, as he started back for the house, was that the wind had blown shut the self-locking, steel-reinforced front door. Inside were his hat, coat, and brief case—all the evidence needed by the police to pin the guilt on John Roberts. Mother Nature had taken a hand on behalf of Justice!

A Day in the Tropics

Rosemary Lepingwell

By ROSEMARY LEPINGWELL

The sun was just beginning to peep through the palm trees as we left San Juan on our long trip across the Island of Puerto Rico to visit a friend's coffee plantation, hidden in the hills overlooking the Carribean Sea.

The road, originally built for the passage of ox-carts, was very narrow and bumpy. Flamboyant trees, shading the road on either side, dropped their bright red flower petals, making a veritable carpet of flowers. After a while we passed through a plantation of grapefruit and oranges in blossom. To any foreigner, who has never seen citrus fruits growing, it seems amazing that both the fruit and blossom should appear on the tree at the same time. Their heavy and sweet perfume was at times overpowering and oppressive; it was with relief that we left these plantations behind, and came upon pineapple plantations. Rows of pineapples were planted two or three feet apart, each pineapple standing on its own long stem, surrounded by sharp, spiked leaves.

Numerous pigs, and an occasional mongoose, ran across the road. A few chickens, hunting for stray insects, strutted in and out the open doors of native houses, built of mud and palm leaves, which were scattered here and there by the side of the road. From time to time, we smelt the smoke of wood fires over which the natives either cook their morning coffee, or else heat the

water which they pour over sugar cane as a substitute for coffee. As we continued further inland, the road commenced to wind lazily up into the hills. The narrow roads, built by convicts, were at times thousands of feet above sea-level, while the valleys, spread out like patchwork quilts, could be seen hundreds of feet below. Rivers, meandering through these valleys, crossed fields of sugar cane, rippling in the breeze like waves on a mighty sea, or else passed through plantations of tobacco protected from the hot tropical sun by cheese cloth nets stretched on poles forming enormous flat tents. Great care had to be taken, as the many bridges were without the protection of side walls. When the mountain roads were left behind and we approached a town, the exotic trees and bamboos on each side were replaced by fruit trees of every description. A recent law had been passed that only fruit-bearing trees could be planted along the public roads, so that the natives might gather the fruit when they felt hungry.

Towards noon, we reached the plantation, and were welcomed by the owner and his friends. The big stone home of our host, Don José Vives, had walls which were at least two feet thick, strong enough to withstand the hurricanes which sweep the island from time to time, and to keep out the heat of the tropical sun.

As soon as we were comfortably seated in the living-room, the native orchestra started to play Puerto Rican music. The music, chiefly boleros, paseos, and rumbas, would probably sound harsh to anyone not used to it. One musician played the maracas—two gourds, on sticks, filled with dried beans, and shaken to the beat of the music; another one scraped the dried pod of a fruit similar in shape to the Canadian squash, using a wire brush. This instrument, without doubt very crude, is called a wisharo. A third musician tapped two pieces of wood together, while the other two players strummed the guitar and played the hand drum.

It seemed that only a very short time had elapsed before we were told that dinner was ready, and would be served by the side of the river which flowed through the plantation. Once we were outside a delicious and tantalizing odour reached us. Pig roast—the native manner of showing great hospitality! In the shadow of two enormous rocks, two medium-sized pigs, just cooked to a turn, were spitted on long poles. In the low bed of live coals, over which the pigs had been roasting for twelve hours, green plantains were sizzling. Four men, whose duties had been to turn the spit every few minutes and to see that the pigs were properly cooked, removed the golden-brown pigs. While a man held each end of the pole, Don José chopped off large pieces of meat, juicy and crackling, with a large knife called a machete. We ate the roast pig in the native fashion, without cumbersome knives and forks, a piece of the meat in one hand and a roasted plantain in the other. But this was only the beginning of the feast. For the next course there was arroz con pollo which, in our language, means rice with chicken. This Puerto Rican dish, highly seasoned with onions, tomatoes, and herbs, and garnished with pimento, olives, and almonds, is eaten, of course, on a plate, and with a fork. Dessert consisted of little cakes, yolks of eggs, mixed with sugar and made into balls, guava paste, goat cheese, oranges, naseberries, mangoes, and other tropical fruits.

After that fiesta, we wandered through the plantation, regarding with great interest the coffee trees covered with bright red berries, and the small coffee shoots, each in its own bamboo pod. Cocoa trees, their long mahogany-hued pods growing from the trunks and branches, were sprinkled abundantly among the coffee trees. These and many other sights occupied our time.

All too soon the day was ended. As the glorious red ball of the sun was sinking below the ragged horizon, we set out for home, more than a hundred miles away.

SYNCOPATED EPIGRAMS

By MARGARET GROSE

A Few Modern Proverbs:

—Conscience has no loudspeaker, but she compels us to listen in.

—Half a house is better than no garage.

—It's the lowest gear which climbs the steepest hill.

—The stoutest tire will puncture if the nail is long enough.

—A ring on the hand is worth two on the 'phone.

—A little chromium covers a multitude of tins.

—A wave in the hair is worth two in the sea.

—To avoid trouble and insure safety, breathe through your nose—it keeps the mouth shut!

—The first thing to learn about driving an automobile is how to stop. The same applies to making a speech.

—Darwin took a million years to make a man out of a monkey, but a woman can make a monkey out of a man in half a second.

Some folks won't mind their business,
The reason is, you'll find,
They either have no business,
Or else they have no mind.

IVB FORM NEWS

Wes Boddington—After all the accidents he's had in "stinks". We sometimes wonder if Wes ever thinks.

Art Bushell—At Chemistry Art sure is a wiz—But at Geometry he seems to fiz.

Burt Avery—As a hobby Burt flies planes.—But when it comes to History his memory wanes.

Mort Walker—Although Mort was raised on a farm. The girls are floored by his manly charm.

Bert Augustine—In Geometry Bert makes many a blunder. What he does after school—We sometimes wonder!

Jeanne Cousins—With girls like Jeanne good old 4B. Can rival forms like sweet 4C.

Ed Booth—Little Eddy has a flaming mop. When he starts to dance—he makes them hop.

John Sartell—Johnny is a lady's man. He does his best—that's the best he can.

Mac Hall—Mac seems to be on every committee. With his running around he drives us ditty.

Ken McClelland—Brother Ken—he was in the play. Was he good? We'd rather not say.

Lulu Johnson—Many a heart has rung its knell. Because of 4 B's Lulubelle.

Bill Harper—In Ancient History his mind may be dim. But you wouldn't hear us in Aud if it wasn't for him.

Frank Topper—About Frank we can get a rhyme. Because he's seldom (?) here on time.

Walt Taylor—Walt considers himself a wit. Well, he's half right.

Lorne Tyler—Though Lorne finds Geometry quite tiresome. Every girl we know considers him handsome.

Hib Paine—For Chemistry Hibbard Paine, Forever shows his disdain. By making Mr. Whiting work in vain.

Doug Allatt—Although Doug's first name rhymes with slug. The girls all say he has a handsome mug. (?)

Jack Melville—At boxing Jack is adept. Mostly because he's got a good left.

Ray Dunster—Although Ray seems to shine in French. He finds Geometry (unlike girls) to be no cinch.

Norma Cain—Our smallest girl is Norma Cain. She strives to raise her voice in vain.

Gord Kidd—Even if Gord was raised in the sticks. He doesn't consider Weston girls hicks (or does he).

Bill Snyder—We even have a rhyme about Bill Snyder, at 3:40 he wishes the door was wider. (So he can get out????).

Ed Lawrence—He played quarter on our rugby team—A "handsome" answer to any girl's dream.

Roy Smardon—Now that Roy has moved away. He'll work in peace the live long day.

Eleanor Oliver—For a girl Eleanor is known well. In fact, 4B considers her swell.

Don Beardall—About Don we have no rhyme. Partly because we were rushed for time.

Ted Nixon—But it's a different story with handsome (?) Ted—What he does out of school is best left unsaid.

Mr. Armstrong does the best he can. If he made Form IIIA work he'd be a super-man.



PROFICIENCY PRIZE WINNERS
Front Row, left to right—B. Hilton, K. Murphy, B. Keown, S. Cousins, M. Brownlee, T. Gottschalk.
Back Row—D. Ehnes, N. Cuthbertson, G. Wood, H. Skelton, T. Whittaker, B. Arthur, M. Tiffin.

Yellowstone National Park

By MONTY MCKAGUE

Yellowstone National Park is perhaps the best known of all American parks. It is located in northwestern Wyoming, encroaching slightly upon Montana, and Idaho. Almost the entire region was once volcanic; this is shown by the amazing and contorted shapes of the rocks. It is the largest and the strangest park in the United States.

Its geysers, hot springs, and other hot water pheonomena are celebrated the world over. There are few spots in the world where one is possessed by such emotions of wonder and mystery. While watching these strange freaks of Nature, you are overwhelmed by a sense of nearness to Nature's secret laboratories. There are about three thousand geysers and hot springs in the park. They exhibit a large variety of character and action. Some, like Old Faithful, Daisy, and Riverside, spout at quite regular intervals; others are irregular in their eruption. Some burst upwards with immense power; others shoot streams at angles, or bubble and foam in action. In certain areas hot water has brought to the surface large quantities of white mineral deposits, which build high terraces or beautifully incrusted basins, often engulfing trees of huge size. The hot water flows over the edge of these fretted basins. At many places, lesser hot springs occur, introducing strange, almost uncanny elements in wooded and otherwise natural landscapes. In certain lights the surface of these pools appears vividly coloured. The deeper pools are often very blue. The incrustations are in many cases beautifully crystallized. Clumps of grass, and even flowers, which have been submerged in the charged water, become exquisitely plated as if with frosted silver.

The geysers and hot water formations are by no means the only wonder of the Yellowstone. Indeed, the entire park is a wonderland. The Grand Canyon of Yellowstone is a spectacle worthy of a national park were there no geysers. What makes it a scenic feature of the first order is its marvellous colouring. It is a cameo of canyons. Standing upon Inspiration Point, which pushes out almost to the centre of the canyon, one seems to look almost vertically down upon the Yellowstone River. A waterfall, nearly twice the height of Niagara, rushes seemingly out of the pine-clad hills, up the canyon, and plunges downward, to be lost from view behind a parapet in the canyon wall. From that point a glorious panorama widens out. The steep slopes are amazingly carved and fretted by the frosts and

erosion of the ages. Sometimes they lie in straight lines at easy angles, from which jut high rocky heights. Sometimes they are in huge hollows carved from the side walls. Here and there jagged rocky needles rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, like groups of gothic spires.

This is only a small part of the Yellowstone. Numerous other interesting and peculiar features are lavishly spread throughout the park.

Review of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

By MARY MCGILLIVRAY

Walt Disney's fortune is made! Seven imaginary dwarfs, who were real to him, and became so to the rest of us, made it. Snow White and the animals which everyone said were just too divine, had a part in it too. Dopey, Doc, Grumpy, Sleepy, Sneezy and Bashful, lived up to their names: Dopey, who couldn't talk because he never tried, so Happy said; Doc who always wanted to boss things, unconsciously of course; Happy the round, fat fellow; Grumpy who afterwards reformed; Sleepy, and oh my, but he was tired; Sneezy whose sneezes were hurricanes and very destructive; Bashful, whose face was usually like a beet, although I don't see how his beard stood all the knots tied in it; Last but not least came Snow White. She was well named; no wonder the prince fell in love with her, for I am sure many others did. The queen, although stories say she was beautiful, was in comparison, hideous. The process of changing her into a witch frightened many children as well as grown-ups, I am afraid. The weirdness of Snow White's night in the woods which terrified her so, was very frightening to any who were the least bit nervous. The old witch's flight over the rocks too was hideous. It was however, altogether so beautiful we will forgive Walt for that little thing. The animals were very lifelike and comical. They imitated Snow White's actions and found ways to do things themselves. The picture of Snow White laid to rest in the woods was beautiful. It was very touching to see the dwarfs, tears streaming down their faces, put flowers on her glass casket. But all fairy stories end happily, and this one was no exception, for when the prince found her he carried her off in triumph to his castle. Comedy, tragedy, romance, and adventure mixed thoroughly together make this movie one of the best of the year!

With Malice Toward Some

With Apologies to Margaret Halsey *By* MARY LEUTY

In another month, we, the girls of W.C.V.S., will have reached that stage in prison pallor which will augment the coppers of the drug stores supplying synthetic complexions. I have come to the conclusion that the schoolgirl complexion, so bewitchingly displayed on billboards, is only a myth. After I have sat through four periods in the morning and four in the afternoon, on Gibraltar-like seats, I feel as if I need to be cranked before making anything like a graceful exit. Added to that, a possible hour of detention makes me firmly believe that the teachers consider time like test-tubes in the chemistry "lab." —there's plenty more where they came from. In this school, pupils develop petrified spinal columns, and the teachers, flat feet.

Some of our teachers have their mouths clamped so tight in the morning that they look as if they should have been left out in the woods to catch bears!

When we make too much noise in "Aud.", we are addressed in a voice that must leave a coat of icicles on the speaker's tonsils. Such sarcasm punctures our dignity. This reminds me of the man who wasn't afraid of fifteen hundred pounds of bull, but grew pale at the sight of a small dog. He explained that it was all a matter of dignity. He'd rather be gored to death any day than have the pants chewed off him. The teachers speak to us as if we are very, very young and inexperienced, whereas we think that they are very, very old and inexperienced. We have one lady teacher, however, who is sufficiently human to blush at the slightest provocation, like a well trained sunrise.

We are told that, in England, the children's manners are so pluperfect that it makes the average grown-up feel like a veritable lumberjack. I think it would be a good idea to introduce to the pupils classes in deportment, the only stipulation being that the teachers take them first. We need to be taught humility. At present humility is not my forte, and whenever I dwell for any length of time on my own shortcomings, they gradually begin to seem mild, harmless, rather engaging little things, not at all like the glaring defects in other people's characters.

In conclusion, I would like to suggest as improvements: orange juice at ten in the morning and two-thirty in the afternoon, no homework, and more dances.

(Any reference to persons living or dead is purely accidental.)

In a Cemetery

By MYRTLE LAROSE

As told by a negro called Henry H. Brown.

"Oh lawsy me, how dem haunts do haunt you in dem evil cemeteries.

"One evenin' a'most three weeks ago, ah was a comin' home from a spirit'list gatherin'. It was very dark out and ah felt it in maw bones that it was a goin' to be maw unlucky night.

"Ah had to pass one of dem creepy cemeteries. Ah was skeered 'most to death. Ah started to run through dat cemetery; but first thing ah knowed ah bumped into one of dem haunts. It was cold and wet, and slimy and felt lak a piece of stone. Ah let out a yell and ran some mouh, but does dere haunts had me surrounded. Ah would try to hide behind one, but it would turn round and chase me away. They attacked me from all sides, dancin' 'round me a-kickin' maw shins and skeerin' me 'most to death at the corners by jumpin' out in front ob me. Ah was 'most ready to curl up and die. Ah darted b'hind one and tried to keep still, but ah wasn't very successful 'cause maw teeth was chatterin' 'most awful like an' maw kness was goin' like sixty.

"Then ah saw one of dem creepin' 'long de ground a-looking fo' me. Ah started to run. It started t'chase me, barkin' an' growlin' an' nippin' maw heels. Ah ran lak de wind, jumpin' ober fences, fallin' ober three or four stones an' a'bumpin' into two of dem dere ghosts a'for ah reached maw pappy's home.

"Ah ran in quick an' closed de door a'shuttin' out dem awful spirits and ghosts. Ah'll nevah, nevah go near one ob dem cemeteries again wifout maw rabbit's foot. No siree, you'll nevah ketch me near 'em again. Ah's skeered a'plenty."

The Importance of Little Things

By MURIEL MCNAUGHTON

A natural tendency in human nature is to make light of life's little things.

You and I have often heard the remark:

"I wouldn't be troubled over such a small matter."

A few years ago a condemned man, before being escorted to the gallows said, "Tell all youth for me, to be on guard against the little things that are wrong in life, for," said he, "the first wrong thing I ever did was to steal a stick of gum from a slot machine on the side of the street".

The meaning, direction, and value of an individual's life are determined very largely by his attitude towards life's little things. The apparently unimportant things which form a part of his experience from day to day can be compared to a ship's rudder. The rudder is the least seen part of the ship for it is under the water and out of sight, but the ship's course and destination are at the mercy of the rudder.

Alexander Graham Bell was convinced that the human voice, as well as dot and dash signals, could be transmitted over wires. By accident, one day, one of the springs struck on the small transmitter of his telegraphy instrument, and generated a current, sending a faint noise over the wires and soon he invented the telephone and other systems of transmission.

Many lives of great men and women show us their greatness was the result of a true attitude toward their life's little duties and a correct perspective of the little things.

The Crimean War had its origin in a dispute over the fixing of a church roof in Jerusalem.

When Christopher Columbus and his crew were almost at the point of turning back, a small branch sailing on the water brought them to victory.

It was a small stone that brought the giant of the Philistines to his knees.

Some passing remark or some chance meetings may be the means of changing the whole purpose and direction of a life. Robert Moffat, fresh from Africa, was addressing a meeting in London while David Livingston was a listener. In his address, Dr. Moffat said many thousands of Africians were heathenish, and David Livingston went and taught them as his life's work.

In a small town in Northern Ohio stands a courthouse with a slanting roof. It sheds the water to both sides. Tiny raindrops falling on one side find their way to Lake Erie, Ontario, and on into the Atlantic Ocean. Those falling on the other side go to the Ohio River, Mississippi River, and to the Gulf of Mexico. They are far apart and it all depends on which side of the roof the drops fall, where they will go.

A negro wrote a poem entitled *Incident,* and this is what it contained:

"Once riding in old Baltimore
Heart-filled, head filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.
Now I was eight and very small
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled but, he poked out
His tongue and called me 'nigger'.
I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December,
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember."

A Visit to an Indian Village

By MARY BOAKE

It is a quiet August evening and we decide to pay a visit to the Indian reserve that we know is nearby. We all pile into the car and soon are bumping over one of the many country roads in the northern district. Beautiful trees border the road, and here and there we see a farm-home surrounded by great fields with bountiful crops; we catch a glimpse of the lake through the woods, and see the gaily-painted cottages which dot its shore. But now the scenery changes, the trees become fewer and less luxuriant; there are no farm homes, and the cottages are replaced by rough, weather-beaten shacks—we are in the Indian village. We first notice the desolation of this place. The bare unpainted houses, not softened by nearby trees or grass, stand solitary and forbidding. These humble dwellings are fashioned of rough boards, and have the appearance of being thrown together. Light comes in through the chinks, and in winter we imagine more than light comes in. In the open doorways stand small round-faced children, who gaze questioningly at us as we pass.

It is strange to see large stretches of fertile land left uncultivated, and thick with weeds, the only land utilized being that used in the sprawling, unkempt gardens which surround the houses. As we near the centre of the village the type of buildings changes. On one side of the road a little red brick schoolhouse is seen, and across from it stands a modern, up-to-date town hall. In the schoolyard small groups of children play happily, and their parents congregate in front of the hall.

There is no sign of a church except a crumbling old stone one high on a hill. We investigate this, but it is boarded up and neglected; it has not been used for years. Striding along the side of the road is a stalwart young man, with a very handsome and intelligent face; he would probably have been one of the bravest of the braves had he been born some generations ago.

As we drive on we notice on a hill one of the queerest houses we have seen. It is a frame house like the rest, but painted in grotesque shades of blue, yellow, and orange. And on the verandah—a very uncommon thing in this district—we see, resting in a hammock, an old man who waves and shouts a greeting to us as we pass. We later learn that he is the chief, who does little more than lie in that tattered old swing and greet visitors.

But now the sun has set and shadows lengthen, and we must hurry back for our evening dip before the cool northern night begins. We are silent as we drive, and we think how much the Indians have been pushed into the background, and how little we really know about Canada's first children.



EXCERPTS FROM A SCHOOL DICTIONARY

A school is a place where you go to catch up on your last night's sleep.

A pencil is a piece of wood that requires sharpening whenever something unusual is going on outside the window.

A pupil is a person who answers 'equal" to Geometry questions.

A teacher is a person who says "stop talking" when you are getting an interesting morsel of gossip.

A boy is an invitation to a dance wearing trousers.

A friend is someone who asks if she can borrow your homework questions.

Examination time is the time when you write down all you learned the night before.

A locker room is a place where you get the latest news broadcast.

A girl is the cause of the image in the mirror.

Bell—is something that rings to promote sale of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Brush—turns over new leaf on blackboard.

Hall Floors—the chorus that sings where'er we walk.

PHYLLIS CHURCH

September 1938!!

By BERYL REES

Yesterday the crisis had reached its peak. But to-day, there is hope—just a little hope—but the whole world clings to it with desperate anxiety. A four power conference has been suggested, the outcome of which would determine the destiny of the whole world. The meeting will take place this afternoon at Munich, Germany. Why is every individual rich or poor, praying for a peaceful solution? The answer is simply this. In the midst of this turmoil, everyone who witnessed the last war begins to picture the four horrible, war-stricken years, in which death, disaster, and destruction loomed from land, sea, and sky. That is why such drastic measures are now being taken to prevent another war, which, aided by the ghastly inventions of modern science, would demolish the entire world. So it is no wonder that a sigh of relief was uttered at the suggestion of the conference, for it was a last remaining spark that shone out of the swiftly gathering storm-clouds.

The root of the trouble can be found in the Treaty of Versailles made in nineteen eighteen at the close of the Great War. Germany had to be penalized. Her colonies and nearly half of her vast territory was distributed among the allies. This meant that a part of her population was put under different flags, and ruled by foreign types of government. To the Germany of nineteen eighteen the obstacle passed unheeded, but to the successful, industrial Germany of nineteen thirty-eight this factor must be disputed and settled in her favour, by her leader—Herr Hitler.

Since the beginning of the year, Austria has disappeared from the map of Europe, but her territory can now be found in the hands of the most feared man in the world, Germany's dictator. To-day, he wants to march into part of Czechoslovakia without annoyance from anyone. At first, it seemed as if he were going to acquire his claim, undisputed, but in a day Czechoslovakia had complicated the situation, by involving other great powers of Europe.

Soon Prime Minister Chamberlain began conferences in order to reason with Hitler. After these proved to be of no avail, he turned toward the other countries of Europe for suggestions. Russia had mobilized her vast army, and had sworn to assist the unfortunate Czechs. The French, in view of their treaty with Russia, at once mobilized their army, and began to fortify their famous Maginot line. After considering this line of events, England prepared by calling her people to the colours by mobilizing her army, and by enlarging the invincible British Navy. Germany was watching and waiting, aware that all eyes were turned on her for the next move. Although the Italian troops led by Mussolini offered to stand by him, Hitler seemed to think twice, before making his final plunge.

Then came the idea for this four-power conference, in which the leaders of the four most influential countries in Europe will meet to bring about a solution and to discuss means whereby further friendly relations may be carried on between these countries. On the appointed day, large throngs of German people mill about the streets of Munich, to catch a glance of their leader, in whose hands they place unlimited trust. The German people stand behind Hitler as one man believing and trusting in him. They are confident of his ability to handle the important affairs of their nation, and they have all justifiable reasons for assuming this attitude. Had he not made a happy, prosperous country, out of a land laid waste by bombs and machine guns, a country where strife, hunger, and unemployment existed among its peoples, a Germany weighed down by heavy war debts? It is only human nature to worship a man who has raised your country from a state of ruin and desolation to a position where it may compete with the richest countries in the world.

Premier Daladier of France, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of England, Mussolini of Italy and Herr Hitler of Germany have met to discuss the critical situation and have emerged with a solution. If their present plans materialize, peace will be retained in our universe—but at great cost.

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FRENCH STUDENTS!

A short French story is here set forth at your disposal: Mademoiselle Lacarte allait à New York en voyage de plaisir. Mademoiselle Smith l'accompagnait à la gare. Mademoiselle Smith demanda:

"Pourquoi donc emportes-tu trois paraluies, ma chère?" "Eh bien," repondit Mademoiselle Lacarte, notre instructeur, charmante de français. "Voilà, celui-ci pour le cas où je l' oublierais dans le train, celui-là pour le cas où je l' oublierais dans le tramway, et le dernier pour le cas où il pleuvrait." Mademoiselle Smith balbutia "bon voyage", et "räumte das Feld!"

The Violin

By BILLY LIVINGS

"Let us sail away on the tone of a sweet-voiced violin, to the place where the rainbows and sunsets are painted, to the place where the flowers find their perfume."

The Violin—what a wonderful thing a violin is! Ponder over it for a moment—its tone, its form, its history, its position in the world of art at the present time—and you stand facing a miracle. Something majestic and mysterious—call it what you will—but something strange lies behind this frail little handiwork of man.

Once in the dim ages of antiquity, in its crude form, it was the most despised and neglected of instruments: then, after centuries of slow development, which seemed like the groping through darkness towards light, it burst into a perfection which human wit has never since been able to improve upon.

With great rapidity the little miracle of form and sound has penetrated since to all quarters of the world, carrying its sweet influence—joy, comfort, new hope, new faith, and new strength, and all the lovely flowers of the soul, alike to rich and poor—into the palace and the hut. What would the world of ours today be without its violin? It is both king and lowly servant of the divinest of the arts. It is the sovereign soul of the orchestra. It holds us spellbound, thrills and moves us in the artist's hands. It forms part of the scanty luggage of the immigrant, to keep him company on his lonely farm in the West, when winter evenings are long and thoughts will wander back to the old homestead far across the sea.

Who can describe the tone of a Stradivarius when the true artist draws it from its hiding-place? It is intensely human, and yet so superhuman that the soul is seized with hopeless longing to follow it, to float with it through realms unknown.

Look at this frail thing made of wood, only wood; it has withstood the stress of a century. I say the stress, for it is not usually stored away in a glass case like a relic or a picture only to be looked at. No, it has been used—used daily; and how has it been used? With each touch of the friendly bow every fiber of its delicate body has quivered and trembled. Its frail body weighs no more than about eight and one-half ounces avoirdupois, yet by a marvelous adjustment of its parts by which resistance and elasticity of structure are held in perfect equilibrium, it supports a tension longitudinally, of about eighty-eight pounds, and a pressure, vertically of twenty-six pounds, or altogether a weight of over one hundred pounds on its delicate chest. Under comparably hard usage, what would be the life of the strongest engine yet devised by man?

Worn out, disabled in a few years, the mighty steel bars would be tottering in their fastenings.

If the stamp of greatness is simplicity, we have it here. Some one has said that you can construct a violin with a pen-knife as your only tool, which is entirely possible, but hardly satisfactory. But in any event it demonstrates the simplicity of construction of an organism which has ever filled the thoughtful mind with awe and admiration. Wood and again wood, and fish-glue to hold the boards and blocks together, and the strings; besides this, the varnish—that is all. What could be simpler? Alter one item, and you mar, if you do not destroy, the whole. Change the position of the sound holes, or the form of the bridge, leave out the sound post, and you take away from the tone. Whole and the whole to the parts, so it is in this wonderous, resounding organism.

What a wonderful thing a violin is! While each year marks new discoveries in every branch of human knowledge and activity, the apparent miracle of yesterday becoming the common thing of today, the violin stands today where it stood three hundred years ago. Every attempt at altering it or any smallest part of its form has been a dismal failure.





CHAMPION VOCATIONAL RUGBY TEAM

Back Row, left to right—J. Kolody, S. Clough, Jack Carter, K. Blackburn, P. Hollyer, B. Belford, J. Cowell.

Front Row—F. Hardy, D. Conway, D. Andrews, Jack Evans, W. Ablewhite, L. Hilton, W. Ermel.

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Don Poole (kicking half and captain)—A good all-round man who kicked us out of many tight spots, and who was one of the team's driving forces.

Harry Worthington (quarter-back)—Whose expert guidance almost led Weston to a championship; was a star in every game.

Wes Boddington (right outside)—Showed himself to be a clever end in the excellent manner in which he tackled his opponents, and in snaring forward passes.

Don McIntyre (inside)—Don has had three years' "junior" experience, and could always be depended on to open a hole in the opposing line, or break up the opposition's plays.

John Sartell (middle)—In his first year of organized rugby showed that he has what it takes, and is a real prospect for next year's Senior team.

Jack Heath (snap)—Was especially noted for the opposition's short passes through the centre of the line, and was the spear-head of the Weston attack.

Stan McNeil (right middle)—Was always prepared for the unexpected, and always in the thick of the play.

Pete Marks (flying wing)—Did some spectacular ball carrying and pass receiving, and as he has another year in junior rugby he is the man to watch next fall.

Don Moore (half)—Has plenty of weight and as he also has another year in junior rugby, he will bear watching.

Ross "Blondie" McKelvey (half)—Was an excellent ball-handler, runner and pass-receiver, and will probably be the quarter-back on next year's Junior squad.

Steve Strattepetti (plunging half)—Ripped open the opposing line for large gains on many occasions. Steve expects to play Junior again next year.

Ralph Wright (middle)—Was a good lineman and broke up many of the opposition's plays.

Ken Fortune (middle)—Played an excellent game this year at middle and should move up to Senior company next year.

Hugh Pawson (inside)—Was one of the best linemen West had this year, being especially effective in breaking through the opponents' line to break up their plays before they could get into action.

A Streamlined Cinderella (*As Edgar Allen Poe Would Tell It*) By Gordon Wood

Once upon a time there was a little maiden born of rich parents. She lived in a great big brick house, complete with frigidaire and thermostat. She had hundreds of toys to play with; many other little girls were attracted to her by these costly baubles. Cinderella soon saw that it was only her toys that attracted the other little children. And what do you suppose she decided to do? Run away? Don't be silly. She kept right on getting more and more toys, and attracting more and more boys. Run away,! Huh!

Meanwhile she grew up, and graduated to lipstick and nail polish. When she was sixteen, alas, her mother divorced her father, and left for Hollywood. Father soon picked up another mate, and all went merry as a school bell until the stock market crash of 1929. Mr. and Mrs. Ella, Cinder, and the new Mrs. Ella's two daughters had to move into a cheap boarding house.

Let me tell you about Mrs. Ella's two daughters—the gayest, liveliest, lovablest young lasses as ever did the Lambeth Walk! My, but they were glad when they had to move back to the good old boarding house, where Mrs. Mallory let them help with the cooking, and where curling up upon chesterfields was allowed. They nearly died of boredom over on the Boulevard.

But poor Cinderella just sat by the electric grate in Mrs. Mallory's front parlour and moped. Each night the girls would step out with their truck-driver beaux, and either take in a show or trip the wild fantastic over at the "Paradise Lost". Each night Cinderella sat by the grate and dejectedly crimsoned her finger-nails, and dreamed of better times and diamonds.

Cinderella was twenty-one! On the eve of her birthday, she lay weeping on the couch (which bore a painful resemblance, both in appearance and comfort, to a morgue slab). She should have been "coming out" that night, and there she was washing the mascara from her eye-brows in a fit of hopeless tears. The girls had gone to the "Truck-Drivers' Ball"; they invited Cinderella, but only received a delicate Boulevard curse for their trouble.

A knock at the door! Cinderella moaned, and languidly answered the door. "Pardon me, madame! Is this where Mr. Ella lives?"

"Yes," answered the moody maiden, "but he's out. I'm Miss Cinder Ella, his daughter. What can I do for you?"

"I have a job for your father. He was to drive one of my company's cars around the city tonight, to advertise our new "Super-Useless" automobiles. I'm afraid you can't help. Say! You might fit the job even better than your father. You're not so bad!"

The girl did look rather attractive, with her pleading, tear-filled eyes. The soft glow from the grate framed her sinuous locks of ebony hair, and caught up the twinkle of her Woolworth diamonds. The poorly-lighted hall did not reveal any imperfections in her dress, which held, unfortunately, several carefully mended spots where the moths had feasted.

So, through the kindness of this fairy publicity manager, Cinderella was once more to pass through the streets in a "Super" car; she was to get a glimpse of the old times once more! Wealthy for one night!

As she drove away from the curb, her benefactor warned her to return the car by midnight, or else pay a heavy fine. The lass had her plans in mind. She was going to crash the Van Magnus ball. For this purpose she had borrowed one of her stepsisters's gowns, and slippers. Luck was on her side; the doorman remembered her face, and, impressed by her limousine, ushered her in, all unmindful of her father's social disgrace. She did not allow her name to be announced; she hastened into the midst of the bare-backed, diamond-branded throng. Suddenly it happened! A handsome young gallant saw her beautiful face. (He had also seen the limousine.) He danced with Cinderella again and again. She, in turn, was infatuated with this bronzed young snob; in her ecstasy she did not notice the time. The clock struck the first stroke of twelve!

Cinderella uttered a well-bred little scream, and, tearing herself from her beloved's arms she rushed from the room. As she left, her lover picked up one of the slippers, lost from the maiden's flying feet. He hastened out after her, and followed her careening car.

The "Super" swerved dizzly as Cinderella hastened madly towards the showroom, eager to return this vestige of social superiority e'er a fine be imposed on her already limp wallet.

A sudden curve! A blinding light! A swift end to a maddening night! Cinderella's car hit a lamp-post. The lass was carried to the city morgue. The young gallant followed, dazed, the slipper in his clammy hand. As he stood by the side of his lost love, the stepsisters rushed in, weeping and wailing, and gnashing their gums. One of them turned, and saw the youth holding one of her slippers. She was amazed! The youth looked at the shoe, then at the girl's feet. Swiftly he knelt and fitted the slipper onto the dainty "dogs". He rose, and, with tender passion, received the girl into his arms, and they lived happily ever after. Moral: *Ain't Life Funny?*

Doug. Campbell (middle)—This was Doug's first year and after a few games he proved to be very effective.

Don Beardall (half)—One of the veterans of the team who could always be depended on in almost any position, particularly in the middle of the line.

Esmond Butler (middle)—Had plenty of weight and used it to the disadvantage of the opposition. He should be of great value to next year's Junior squad.

Stan George (wing)—Showed himself to be an excellent ball carrier and pass receiver, especially in the final game against Etobicoke.

Wes Wittaker (plunging half—Had plenty of weight and gained many yards. He will be a valuable asset to the Senior squad next Fall.

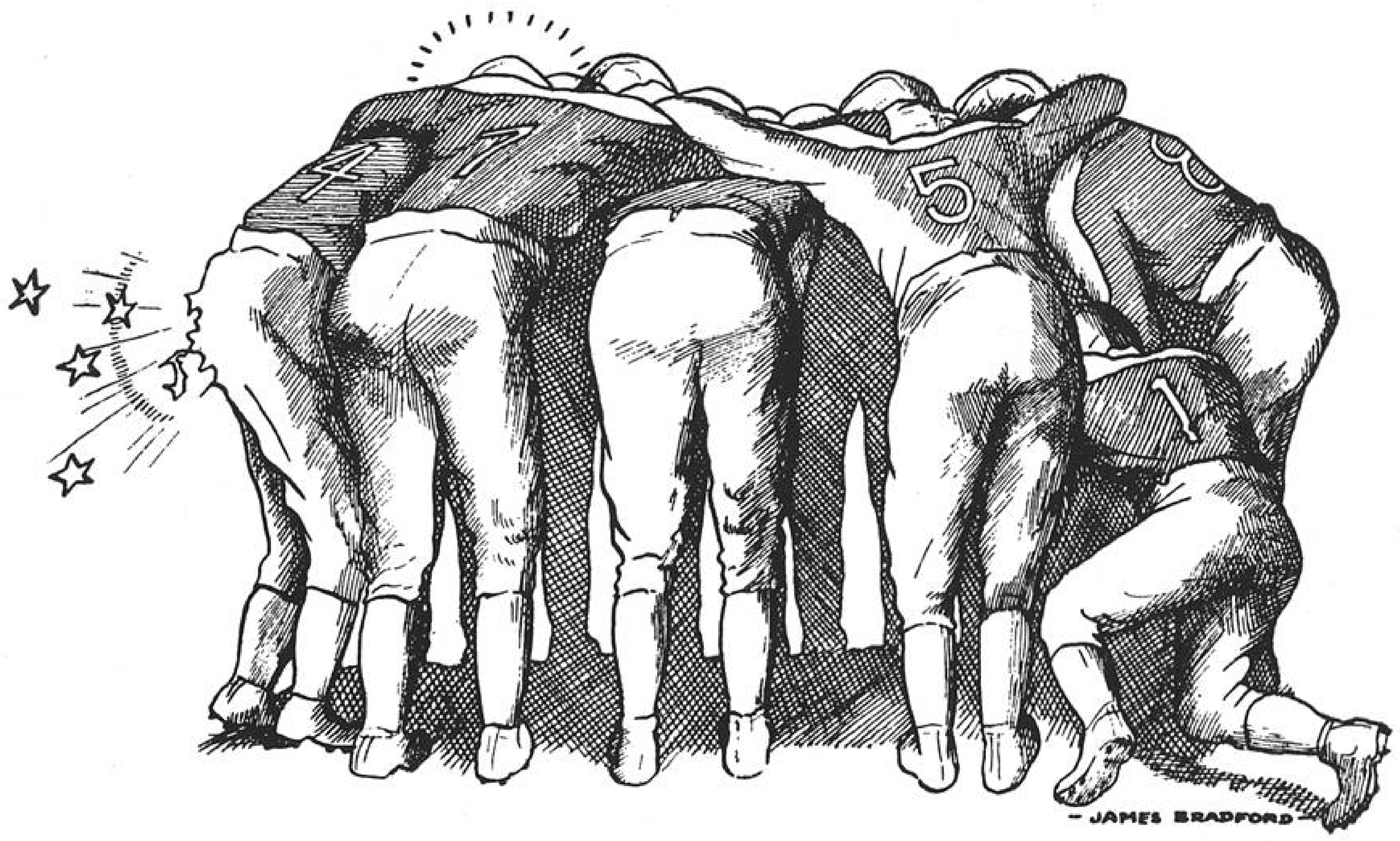
Wally Pidgeon (left outside)—He played very few times this year, but should do great work on next year's Junior squad.

Dick Watts (right wing)—After two years' hard work as a sub on the Junior team, Dick was one of the best pass-receivers in Junior rugby. He should continue as a star next year on the Senior squad.

Mr. Scott—The Athletic Association and the Junior rugby team owe him many thanks for the manner in which he whipped a team together from an absolutely unknown quality. This Junior team came the closest to winning the championship of any team Weston has put out for many years.

John Ferguson, Doug. Cameron, Dave Miller and George Moulton—Thanks for the excellent manner in which you assisted Mr. Scott this year.

Walter Hall and John Watts—Thanks to you boys for the manner in which you got the water out to the boys on the field.



WHAT GOES ON IN THOSE WESTON HUDDLES?
PLAYER No. 4: "HAS ANYBODY GOT A SAFETY-PIN?"

ON EXCUSES

PART 1

Miss Wattie—
"Oh piffle, you know that that's no excuse,
Come in at 3:40, or I'll raise the deuce."

Mr. Jeffreys—
"Now, now, Betty, will you please tell me the truth,
I can see very well, you're not lacking a tooth."

Mr. MacMurray—
"McAllister, Major, Macgregor and Gale,
All come in to-night—now don't start to wail!"

Miss Smith—
"Well Watson, I think that I've stood just enough
Come in at 3:40. Now, now, don't get rough."

PART 2

Oh, excuses are useless, fiction or not,
We either pay up, or expect to be shot.
One sentence undone, and we're sure to be squashed,
Tell something original, else you are lost!
They'll tap on your head, they'll grind all your bones
Then sentence is passed in thunderous tones.

PART 3

I had to mind the baby, sir; I had to paint the floor;
The house burned down; my folks left town;
I think my throat was sore;
A tire went flat; was catching a rat,
(My mama is scary you know)
I fell on the ice; I didn't look nice;
I was forced to shovel the snow.

PART 4

"Teacher, aw please, teacher, let me go just once,
Teacher, aw gee, teacher, I forgot my lunch."
They've heard them all before lad,
Many a time and o'er.
Your father's pleas were just as bad
Twenty years before.

CONCLUSION

Sullen little scholar, with a dirt-caked countenance,
Trudging through the puddles long after four,
With a cargo of notebooks,
Pencils and chewing gum,
School-bag, note for paw—seat'll be kinda sore.

—*Gordon Wood*

●

TWO-BITS GOES TO CHURCH

KATHLEEN MURPHY

I am twenty-five cents,
I am not on speaking terms with the butcher,
I am too small to buy a quart of ice cream,
I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy,
I cannot be exchanged for a gallon of gasoline,
I am too small to buy a ticket to a movie,
I am hardly fit for a tip. But believe me,
When I go to church on Sunday I am considered
SOME MONEY.



In Days of Yore

By MARGARET GROSE

Mr. Nason, who is one of our well-known citizens, and one of the oldest residents of Weston, has kindly given us a few facts about "Ye Olde Collegiate".

It was originally called The Weston County Grammar School, and its founders were Messrs. Wm. Nason, James Cruickshank and Wm. Tyrell; the first principal was John B. Logan.

In August, 1857 studies began in the basement of the old Methodist Church but a school building was erected in the following year. In 1871 the name was changed to Weston High School, District No. 1, County of York. In 1875 the building was destroyed by fire but during the interval classes continued in the basement of the Methodist Church. On the day before the fire Mr. Nason took home all his books, on account of a coming holiday; the next morning he got news of the fire.

However the school was rebuilt the following year, and in 1909 more class-rooms were added.

Later George Wallace was a very popular headmaster, and the following is a history of "The Wallaces".

George Wallace was born at Paisley in Scotland on the 15th day of July, 1845; he came to Toronto, and was for a time a teacher in Upper Canada College. In April, 1875, he was appointed Head Master of the Weston High School, and continued in that position until his death, unmarried, on the 24th day of February 1886 at the age of 40 years. His body was interred in the Riverside Cemetery near Weston.

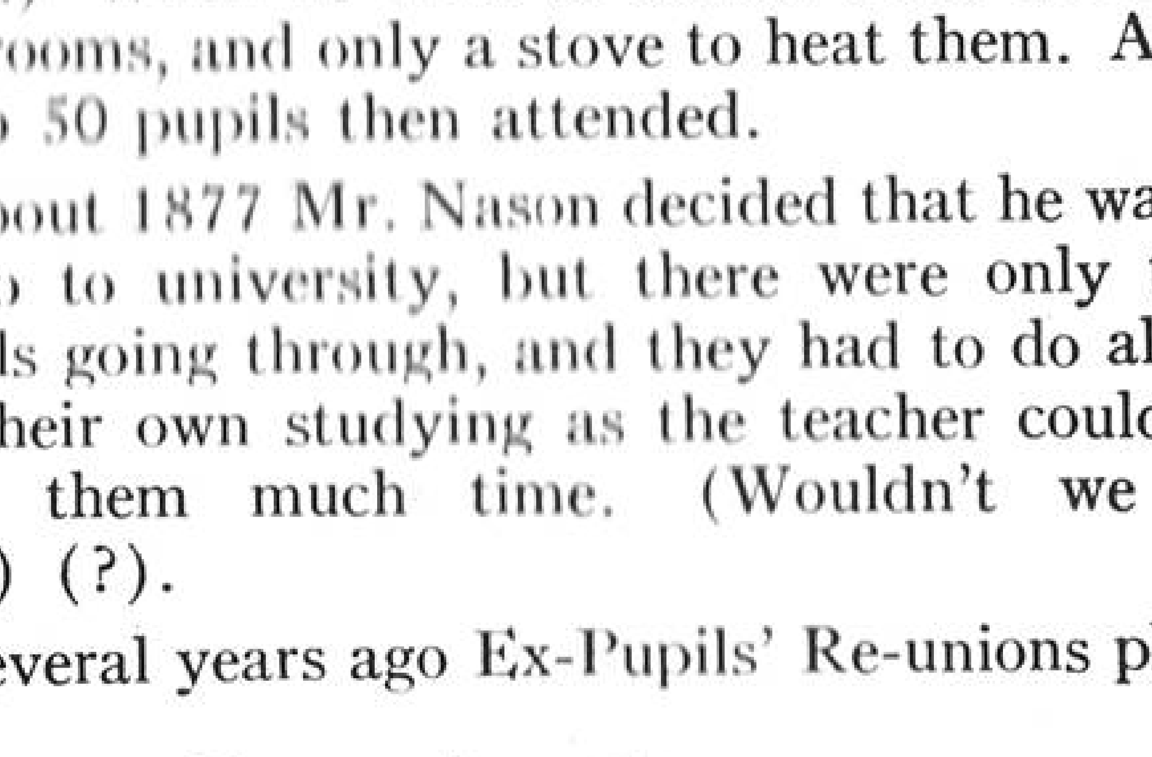
His brother Hugh Wallace was born on 30th June 1837, was business manager of the Toronto *Globe* for some time, and afterwards lived in Chicago and then Los Angeles, California, where he died on the 1st of May, 1898.

The portrait of George Wallace was executed by Messrs. Kurg and Allison. In compliance with the desire of the late Alexander Allison it is presented by Miss Mary McDonald to the Weston Board of Education, to be placed on view in the High School, Weston. This painting, which was presented to the school in 1927, may now be seen in Mr. Worden's office.

Mr. Nason can remember when no written examinations were required upon entrance to the high school. Oh, for the good old days! (In some ways.) When he went to school there were just two rooms, and only a stove to heat them. About 40 to 50 pupils then attended.

About 1877 Mr. Nason decided that he wanted to go to university, but there were only three pupils going through, and they had to do almost all their own studying as the teacher could not give them much time. (Wouldn't we like that) (?).

Several years ago Ex-Pupils' Re-unions played



a great part in the school activities.

One was held on August, 29, 1907,—and the 75th anniversary Re-Union on August 28, 1913. At the time of this 2nd Re-Union the new school had just been built. The morning meeting of the Re-Union was held in the old school, the evening meeting held in the new school.

The present building was erected in 1913 but it was not until 1939 that it received its new name of Weston Collegiate and Vocational School.

Hurrah for us!! We're growing!

A Past Pupil's Review

By Joyce Franklin

Many of you have no doubt wondered what W.C.V.S. was like in early days. Did you know that Weston's higher seat of learning was in existence before the Great War—before the Boer War? Yes, it even dates back beyond Confederation. The year 1858 was a momentous one for Weston, for in that year the corner stone was laid for what in later years became Weston Collegiate and Vocational School. One of its first students, Mr. Vernon B. Wadsworth, is living to-day in Toronto; this town, however, has many distinguished residents who were former pupils. Weston Collegiate has undergone many striking changes. From a little four-roomed school house on King Street, it is now a spacious academy on College Street, and former students recall many vivid experiences back in the early days.

Mr. Joseph Nason—a prominent lawyer of Weston, attended W.C.V.S. in 1871. He is the oldest past pupil of our school residing in Weston. Those were the days when the principal's residence adjoined the school house; he had the duties of a school caretaker as well as those of teaching the pupils.

Mr. Harry Musson—a graduate of '95, is now Weston's town clerk. He recalls the burning of the school, as a result of which classes were held in the town hall for some time afterward. Many of the students that year did not acquire the knowledge prescribed by the board of education—a habit which lingers to this day.

Mr. Jack Allan—of the class of 1905, present deputy-reeve of Weston, informs us that the chemistry laboratory consisted of a glass bottle that was used for measuring air pressure. We cannot ascertain definitely whether it was a milk or a pop bottle but we are certain the experiments were performed without any disastrous effects.

Mr. W. W. Gardhouse, York County Treasurer, *Miss Ethel Savage,* a well known social service worker, *Dr. R. J. Rodwell,* and *Mr. Ray Simpson,* Weston town councillor, are among those who attended W.C.V.S. in the early part of the century.

Miss K. Campbell—now teaching at King Street School, who attended in 1911, tells of the annual school dramatic night. That was one night of the year when everybody turned out. The townsfolk filled the Town Hall to capacity to witness different scenes enacted from Shakespearian plays, and to hear many of the students sing. Miss Campbell's view of the educational system now as compared with when she went to school is that the pupils nowadays have more educational advantages and consequently gain a wider amount of knowledge.

Dr. F. D. Cruickshank—well known in Weston, first brought honour to Weston High School by distinguishing himself in a track meet at the Exhibition grounds, and treasures the ribbons and trophies he won in various sports. He relates that the chief equipment in the biology class was a rattlesnake that one of the teachers caught on Manitoulin Island. A favourite indoor sport of those days was knocking the plaster off the walls! Homework was simplified by an organized gang of boys who relieved all studious pupils of their books, and deposited them in the ditch. In his opinion the Weston scholar of to-day gains more knowledge because of better school equipment, the School Library, and other extra-curricular activities.

Mr. Foster Rowntree—a member of Weston council, was a colleague of Dr. Cruickshank in 1912. He recalls the good old times when the boys purposely kicked a football over the fence of the school grounds into an adjoining orchard, in order to fill their pockets with

Continued on page 36.

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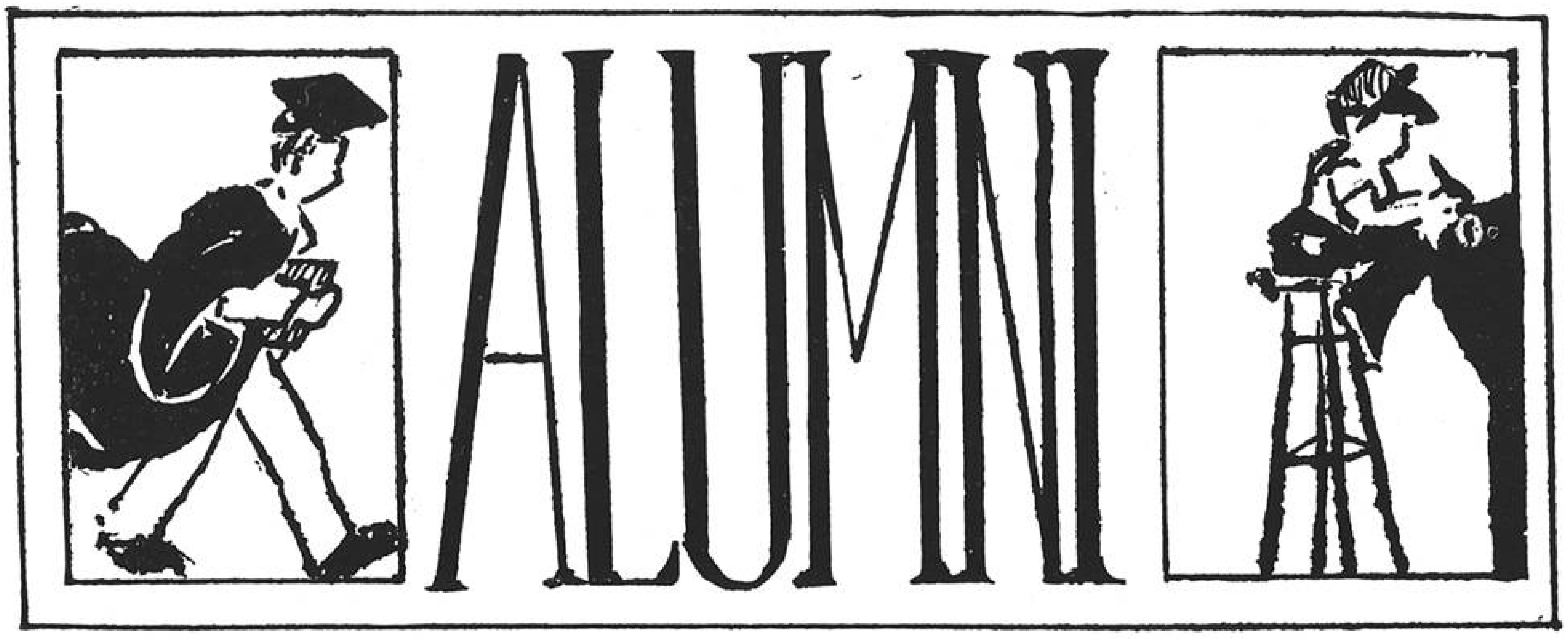
"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"

Continued from page 7.

the depths of the ocean. We try to grow what we want on our farms, only to have a storm come along and ruthlessly destroy our handiwork. We bore into the earth in an effort to take her precious metals, and think it is wonderful to find a few ounces of gold. However, every day in the paper we can read of a mine disaster, where earth has sealed some unfortunate mortal in her rocky depths.

Then another thing—and really the most amusing thing, if we are to be amused about it—is war. We try, singly or in groups, to make all the other poor mortals, not as clever as ourselves, of course, our subjects and slaves. Then, if two groups get this same idea at the same time we have a war about it. This delightful little pastime takes nearly all our money, because we are always trying to invent a more horrible death machine than the other fellow. One of these wars, which lasted four years and in which every country in the world, directly or indirectly was engaged, cost $49,000,000,000, put 27,624,000 men on the casualty list, of which the dead alone numbered nearly 8,000,000. Yet we are supposed to be intelligent.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you, do you not agree with the poet, Gay, when he says, "Life is a jest, and all things show it; I thought so once, but now I know it."



HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI

By HELEN JEFFREY

The nursing profession has proved an attraction for a number of our 1937-1938 girls.

Helen Baines—always looking on the bright side of things, Helen is proving to be a very capable nurse at the Toronto General Hospital.

Mary Hylton—with her mischievous grin and jolly laughter, Mary is a splendid tonic for the patients and her classmates at the Toronto General.

Mary Barker—training at the Ottawa Civic Hospital, Mary is another girl who will make an excellent nurse. I wonder which will prove more attractive—the good-looking internes or the beautiful Ottawa scenery?

Marjorie Darker—one of the most popular girls of last year is training in the Western Hospital, and although the rules are a 'bit strict', Marj is enjoying her work.

Helen Eagle—also intended being a "ministering angel", but is now ministering to the wants of a husband—our one and only married graduate. Our best wishes Helen.

The University of Toronto has claimed six of our group.

Adele McEwen—one of the few fortunate girls who star in Mathematics is now taking Commerce and Finance. A wee doubt creeps in—will she ever finish? Literally dozens of men are taking the course and only three girls!

Don Grosskurth—"Dinny", always a favourite on Weston's rugby team is repeating his athletic success at University where he is taking Pass Arts. You should hear his Spanish! Better say your "Buenas noches" early, Dinny!

Eileen Ruske—one of Mr. Patons' bright lights is now a student in English Language and Literature at Victory College. At present she is a reporter for the Varsity weekly. She'd better watch her step interviewing those S.P.S. lads!

Bill Ketcheson—also a star in Latin and English is taking the same course as Eileen but at University College.

Joy Chisholm—a current campus co-ed, Joy hasn't succumbed to University men yet since her glances still stray 'sutherly'. She is in residence at Whitney Hall taking Pass Arts at University College.

Mary Braiden—is also taking Pass Arts and this pretty dark-eyed co-ed is very popular indeed. I wonder if any of the professors are young and susceptible?

A number have been fortunate enough to secure positions.

Leonard Banks—aspires to be a druggist and is now serving his apprenticeship at Richardson's Drug Store before attending Pharmacy.

Wilfred Francis—one of Mr. Armstrong's prize pupils. Wilfred is employed by the Radio Valve Corporation.

Charles MacLean—"Doc", who always kept the fun rolling with Mr. Jeffrey and who was the delight of all the girls, is now connected with the widely-known Insurance Company—Lloyds of London.

John Reid—a whizz in Physics and Chemistry, John has secured just the right position. The McLennan Physics Laboratory will be the scene of his earnest endeavours. We hear John's pretty busy down there what with the lab girls!

Mac Skinner—well in front both in school work and athletics, Mac has obtained a position which should bring him success. No "problems" arising in Eaton's executive Office will master him.

Leonard Wharton—Geometry certainly couldn't get Leonard down, but now he's 'down' at the Kodak enjoying his work there.

Doug Banting—was with us for a short time this year—long enough to show us his ability as centre half on the rugby team. Seemingly Doug's vocation is salesmanship and at present he is at Kirby's.

Norman Sebire's job seems to be a mystery. Two of his friends have seen him working but each in different places. However, the main thing is he has a job.

Viola Gowland—'Vi' is staying home a year before choosing a career. Perhaps she will continue with her singing and become another Lily Pons.

Margaret McCartney—"Marg", all the way from Caledon East was a grand addition to last year's fifth form and is certain to make herself a wide circle of friends wherever she goes. She will begin her nurse's training very shortly.

Marion Johnston—Marion, also another 'would be' nurse is spending a year at home.

Osborne Smuck—was outstanding as an organizer of sports for the Boys' Athletic Club last year. At present he is enrolled in Special Commercial.

Bertha Wallace—Bertha likewise has left fifth form to learn to be an efficient secretary under the guidance of Miss Found.

Ruth Wallace—Ruth, like her cousin, hopes for success in the business world and is taking the commercial work at Shaw's Business College.

Ruth Harper—one of Mr. Christie's best Latin students. Ruth is training to be a public school teacher at Normal.

Lloyd Pearson—the only boy who took Biology last year after Earl Piper left, stood a great deal of teasing by all the girls. Lloyd is convalescing due to illness and we wish him all kinds of luck for a speedy recovery.

Anthony Pengelly—witty and irrepressible, "Pen" was always in 'hot water' in Miss Smith's and Mr. Paton's classes. He answered the call of the Royal Air Force and is now a licensed pilot at Cheltenham, England. What chance have English girls? In those swanky uniforms, Pen mows 'em down!

Jim Boulton—'J. T.' is now a Junior in The Canadian Bank of Commerce and his courtesy and ability to run errands will soon make him general manager. Have you seen him play ping-pong?

Doug Sutherland—with time on his hands an all-round good fellow is taking time out to decide what his vocation is to be. The Dean at Whitney Hall is still trying to figure out what course Doug is taking.

Cam McNeil—this blue-eyed, dark-haired Scotsman is missed among our crowd. At present he is holding sweet communion with the cows and chickens at his father's farm in Vellore.

Thus we say goodbye to our nineteen-thirty-eight graduates and hope that the coming years bring them success and happiness.

COMMERCIAL ALUMNUS

By Marie Penny, Sheila Thrush

Many of last year's graduates have been successful in obtaining positions.

Margaret Addy—is now working in a Fire Insurance Office.

Mary Agar—is busy working in Simpson's Mail Order Department.

Muriel Baguley—is working part time at the University Press.

Margaret Barney—teaching music.

Bill Bushell—is unemployed at present. However, he is attending Night School.

Walter Blumenstock—is teaching at a school in Sault Ste. Marie.

Marjorie Byers—she's getting along fine as a stenographer at Marketing Publishers.

Marion Carr—has taken the marriage vows.

Sylvia Carter—is now employed at Saalman's Jewellers.

Roy Dancey—a "May I help you madam," man at Loblaw's Groceteria.

Sarah Dick—is a waitress at Tunney's Service Station.

Helen Davison—is now attending Shaw's Business College.

Bill Darker—he's driving a truck for Vail's Laundry. Be careful how you drive, Bill.

Ed Franklin—our banker. Ed is a clerk in The Royal Bank of Canada.

Lorna Gastrell—is in training at the Women's Cottage Hospital.

Francis Graham—an office boy in the C. C. M.

Ruth Harper—attending the Normal School.

Rea Hayes—private secretary in Chrysler Corporation.

Margaret Hall—is a stenographer at the General Trust Corporation.

Betty Hall—is working part time in a broker's office.

Laurie Jones—is a typist at the Kodak.

Margaret Michie—is at home, but you may still see her face here at Night School.

Joy Penny—is advancing rapidly in the Custom's Office in Toronto.

Charles Pentney—is working in Simpson's Meat Market.

Connie Phillips—is a sales girl in Grosskurth's Dry Goods Store.

Dorothy Philipps—a "Number Please" girl at the Bell Telephone Company. We hope you don't give any wrong numbers, Dorothy.

Ed Robins—is using the chemistry that he learned in High School to help him in his job at Kodak.

Dorothy Rogers—is attending the University of Toronto.

Verna Snazel—is on the Reserve Staff at Eaton's.

Byron Steele—is clerking in a Red and White Store in Toronto.

Dorothy Terrill—is working as a sales girl at Eaton's.

John Wardrope—is driving a truck for Wardrope Cartage.

Helen Watt—is another "Number Please" girl at the Bell Telephone Company.

Leslie Wheeler—is doing the bookkeeping for Farr's.

Evelyn Wood—is a stenographer at the Ausco.

Marjorie Whitlock—is working at the Ontario Knit Wear in Toronto.

Unfortunately there are many of our graduates who have been unable to obtain positions. Some are taking over at home, helping their parents—Lila Canning, Hazel Cornish, Florence Dobson, Merle Dunning, Kathleen Eastwell, Doris Harvey, Mildred Lalla, Murray Rombough, Dorothy Ryder, Norma Scott, and Allen Barney.

We regret very much that we have been unable to learn the whereabouts of a number of the students.

VOCATIONAL ALUMNUS

By Pete Kryskow

Well, a year has passed and another group of eager graduates have left our school to seek their fortunes.

Starting with the ladies, we find that ELLA LUCKANUCK is employed in a restaurant. THELMA WOOD, DOROTHEA ADAMS, KATHERINE SMITH and MARGARET WATKINS are all helping out at housework. VELMA WALL, MARJORIE WOODS, MARY PERNEROSKI and GLADYS LEES are not employed but are trying their Home Economics on their folks at home. PHYLLIS JONES, PEGGY WARNES, and ARTHENA MERCER, have decided to further their education by attending school for another year.

We wish the girls all the luck in the world because they were so helpful in making our school activities such a success last year.

Now we turn to our industrialists who comprised the form of V3. Beginning with the electricians, we find that "BARNEY" BARNETT is employed at Chantler & Chantler, Importers and Distributors. He is also attending night school. KEN BELL is working with his dad, installing "Bell Blowers". JAMES HARRIS is employed at the Modern Kitchen Appliance Company. AL O'BRIEN, our all-around athlete, is making printers ink at Sinclair & Valentine Company, in Toronto. CHARLIE KILSBY is in the plastering business with his dad but is still studying at night school. WILLIAM MILROY is taking another year at Western Tech endeavouring to become the second Edison. GEORGE PENSTONE, the artist of the class, is unemployed but is attending night school at Northern Vocational. FRANK WENZEL is a bicycle jockey for a drug store. The unfortunate electricians who were unable to secure positions are JACK COOK, BOB JEMMETT, STEWART ROWNTREE, and VERNON SHAW, but they are back at school dividing their time between the Electric Shop and repairing the school buzzer system.

Next in line are the machinist graduates. TOM FOXCROFT'S dream has come true and he is now a tool and diemaker at Craig Machine Company in the city. ED. GILES is giving a helping hand at a grocery store. GEORGE SAVAGE left early in the year and is now working at Desmond's Garage in Weston. HARRY TAYLOR and HUBERT LUCKETT are not working. GEORGE DEBLING and EARL STANFIELD are back at school.

The auto shop has been taken over by Mr. Templeton, as Mr. Danby left us and is now teaching at Central Tech.

"SCOTTY" LONGLEY, the Sheik of the form is dismantling radios at the Almaco Radio Company. DAVE PERRY our body and fender man is making fire escapes for the Atlas Iron & Wire Company on Eglinton Avenue.

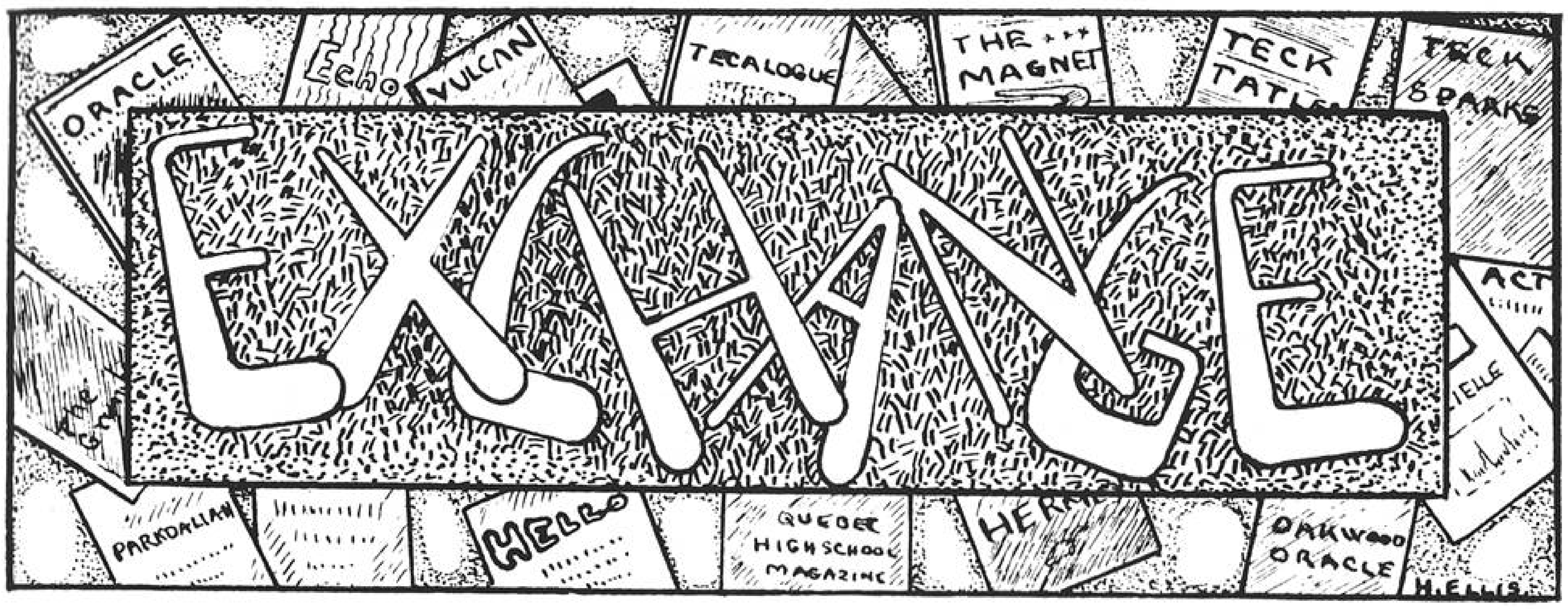
JOHN CALLENDER is working in a drug store on Rogers Road. The auto mechanics who have not obtained employment as yet, but are furthering their finer points at school again are AL NORRIS, TOM WHITTAKER, and PETE KRYSKOW.

The sheet metallists and welders will be sorry to hear that Mr. Hallett left us at Christmas, and has gone to Hamilton to teach Machine Shop.

JIM COBLICK has succeeded in his work at school and is now in the sheet metal department of the Modern Kitchen Appliance Company. ERNEST BOWERS and HUGH DOWSON are going to night school at Weston.

Next in line we find the draftsmen. JAMES DRAGE was the proficiency prize winner for the third form, but as yet is not working. (Congratulations, Jim.) FRED EAKINS was employed for a short time, but at present is out of

Continued on page 29.



Because there was not an "Exchange" last year we have not yet received many magazines from other schools, but we think the quality of those which we did receive makes up for the lack of quantity. We hope to exchange with a great many collegiates this year and receive criticisms from them.

MARY BOAKE, *Exchange Editor*

The Peptimist

Mimico High School—Mimico.

Yours is a very well-proportioned magazine with each section well covered.

Wolf Howl

Sudbury High School—Sudbury.

We like the original cover which begins your very fine magazine. Your French section is especially noteworthy.

Pelham Pnyx

Pelham Continuation School—Fenwick.

A very neat magazine containing some excellent photography. May we suggest that a poetry section would be an improvement?

Magna Charta

Runnymede C. I.

This monthly publication is one of the most complete that we have seen. The Literary section, sports and activities are all well handled.

Tecomeron

Technical and Commercial School—Sault Ste. Marie.

The articles under the heading "Hobbies" are extremely interesting. Don't you think a different arrangement of your magazine would be better?

Hello

Brantford C. I.—Brantford.

Congratulations to one of the finest magazines we have received. You have an excellent poetry section, and your clear section headings contribute to the general neatness.

Northland Echo

North Bay C. I.—North Bay.

May we suggest that you have a more colourful cover? Your excellent Literary section increases the value of your magazine immensely.

Tatler

Lindsay C. I.—Lindsay.

A fine magazine on the whole. Don't you think some poetry and a few more pictures would be an improvement?

VOCATIONAL ALUMNUS

Continued from page 28.

work. JIM HAWKINS was fortunate in getting a position as a draftsman with Moffats, near the end of the term. If his work is as good there as it was in school, he will have no fear of unemployment. BERT MILLIS is a fitter and layout man at the National Steel Car Company, at Malton. Bert is also attending night school. JACK TOLFREE is still among the unemployed.

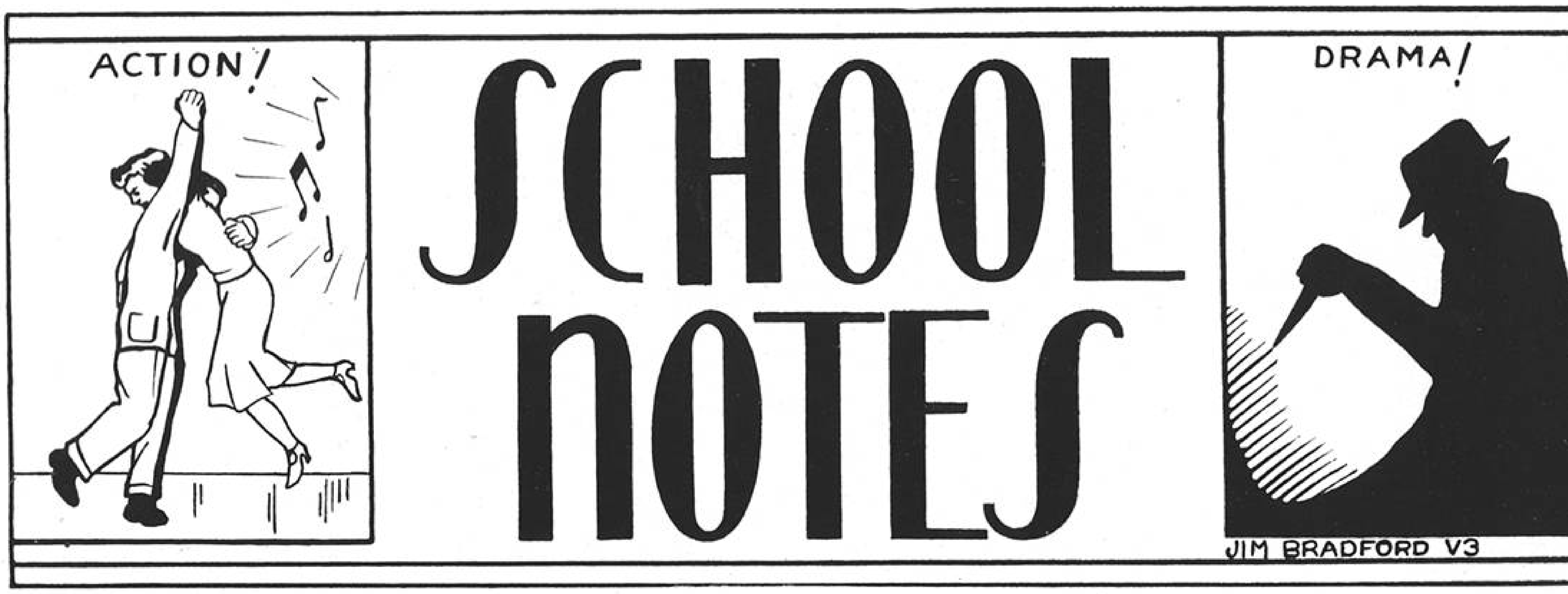
Last but not least are our two woodworkers, JACK WEBBER and MORRIS GOW. Jack is helping out at the Armstrong Door Company in Weston. Morris is, we understand, quite a golfer. But so far a good Pro's offer has not come along so he is still packing sacks at Lambton.

In conclusion, we wish success and happiness to you all.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S DOG

JAMES GLANVILLE

The neighbour's dog's a nuisance,
A worry and a pest,
Today he chewed our door mat,
With joyous, canine zest,
On garbage day he spread the news
All up and down the street,
And left those charming bundles
In tatters at our feet.
He tunnelled underneath our hedge,
Our roses and our phlox,
He pulled the washing off the line
And ate our children's socks.
I love dogs—but that brute next door
Has got my dander up,
It must have been the neighbour's dog
For ours is just a pup.



No longer is the Secondary School an institution where one goes with the sole purpose of mastering those subjects prescribed by the Department of Education. True, this is the primary motive for making the daily trudge to our College Street seat of learning, but there are scores of extra-curricular activities to take up the average student's time after school is out. The one event in which the diligent student receives his due reward for his academic achievements is the Annual Commencement.

BOB GROSSKURTH

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ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Commencement Exercises were held this year on November 18th in the school auditorium, which was furnished for the occasion with an amplifying system. Some of the male members of the staff sporting their best tuxedos, acted as ushers. During the course of the evening, the proficiency prizes and graduating diplomas were presented to the deserving students by various school trustees. Before presenting the diplomas to the Collegiate graduating class, Mr. Oliver Master delivered a fitting "In Memoriam" address in tribute of the late Mrs. Ethel J. Lyon. The main award of the evening was that of the Wilfred F. Pearen Memorial Scholarship in English and Latin to Eileen Ruske. Mr. Alexander Pearson, principal emeritus of W.C.V.S., made the presentation and gave an account of the events surrounding the endowment of the prize. Mr. Joseph Nason of Weston, presented a bond to the Board of Education as a scholarship fund for history and English proficiency in the school. The fund was raised from the sale of *The History of Weston,* a book written by Mr. Nason and Dr. Cruickshank. The highlight of the evening was the address to the graduating classes by Mr. Duncan McArthur, deputy minister of Education. Afterwards a reception was held in the school for the prize winners and their parents.

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RUGBY BANQUET

On Friday evening, November 25, the school cafeteria was the scene of much banqueting and toasting. The occasion was the third annual Rugby Banquet given by the Girls' Athletic Association in honour of the school rugby teams. The charming hostesses prepared and served a very delicious dinner. With a little encouragement from the girls, all of the boys were finally persuaded to eat their spinach. When the feast was over, Mac Hall proposed a toast to the king. Bruce Lawrence, captain of the Senior team, was presented with the Senior Track and Field Championship Shield by Mr. Fred Rowntree. Douglas Cameron, the manager of the Junior squad proposed a toast to the school, which was responded to by Mr. Worden. Various guests at the banquet were called upon to speak. Margaret Devins toasted the rugby team and wished them better success in 1939. The rugby heroes, the guests, and the Upper School girls then adjourned to the auditorium to swing, with Mac Hayes at the piano.

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PARENTS' NIGHT

On Friday evening, December 14, our parents and our teachers met to discuss the mark they saw on our fall term report card. The parents turned out in a body so as to have a "tête-à-tête" with our noble preceptors (a big word meaning teachers). Most of the evening's happenings were kept in secrecy, but we believe our teachers were good sports and did not make us appear too bad. Parents' Night, instituted two years ago, is, despite all reports to the contrary, a fine thing for the pupil. The teachers, after they have met the parents, take an individual interest in the student and so his work improves.



CAST OF PLAY

Front Row, left to right—E. Beale, M. Lepingwell, A. Dougherty, J. Glassford, D. Ehnes, A. Loose.
Back Row—R. Watts, G. Wood, R. Grosskurth, W. Cairns, M. Cameron, Mr. Goddard (director), L. Mattin, K. McClelland.

DRAMATIC NIGHT

On Thursday and Friday evening, February 9 and 10, the Annual School Dramatic Night was held. This year's play, *The Panther's Claw,* was a mystery melodrama, which thrilled the capacity audiences on both evenings. The play was under the direction of Mr. Goddard, who is to be commended for his splendid production. Gord Wood and Marjorie Cameron took the romantic leads, with Dick Watts performing creditably as the clever sleuth. Leslie Mather and Bob Grosskurth portrayed delightfully the character rôles, a villainous caretaker and an Italian hunchback.

Audrey Dougherty played the part of Dick Watts' wife. Anne Loose, Monica Lepingwell and Dorothy Ehnes delighted the audience as timid visitors to the house of horror. Green arms and living faces in portraits chilled the blood of all present. Ken. McClelland and Jack Hill were murderous characters. Esther Beale prompted. One especially fine feature of the play was the superb lighting and sound effects. Those responsible for this were Vern Shaw, Bob Jemmett, Bob Paine and Stew Rowntree. Mr. Anderson and Miss Wattie comprised the make-up department. Bill Cairns acted as stage manager.

Music was supplied between acts by the school orchestra, the Glee Club and the girls' choir, all under the able direction of Mr. Metcalfe. The venture was acclaimed by everybody as a decided success.

THE ANNUAL AT-HOME

Soft lights, soft music set the tempo of the Annual At Home held on February 17. The school auditorium was decorated in blue and white, with cartoons of students engaged in various school activities adorning the walls. Music was provided by Don Armstrong and his orchestra, and was enjoyed by everyone. There was a large number of students, teachers, old boys, and even a few ex-teachers in attendance. Delightful refreshments were provided by Miss Roger's committee. The evening seemed all to short when one o'clock rolled around and it was time to depart. Everybody agreed that the evening was a complete success and we are already looking forward to next year's dance.

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TUBERCULIN TESTS MADE

In October, Dr. Henry, M.O.H. of Weston, assisted by several other doctors, tuberculin tested 749 pupils of W.C.V.S. Of these, 97 were X-Rayed. Only two positive cases were found, and these are now well on the road to recovery. It is interesting to note that Weston is among the first schools in the province to have this test taken, and now other schools are rapidly following this example.



CAMPUS COMMENT REPORTERS
Back Row, left to right—G. Wood, N. Forgie, R. Grosskurth, A. Dougherty, M. Grose, D. Cameron.
Front Row—E. Henry, M. Hill, J. Franklin, M. Boake, M. Cameron.

CAMPUS COMMENT

Campus Comment still makes weekly appearances in the *Times and Guide*, the column being edited by Mary Boake. Mary has proved herself efficient, and she is to be congratulated on the interesting column for which she is responsible. The business of writing sports is capably carried out by Nancy Forgie and James Blayney, who hunt and write the sports each week.

Other reporters are:

Eleanor Henry
Mabel Hill
Audrey Dougherty
Joyce Franklin
Jim Blayney
Bob Grosskurth
Gord. Wood
Doug. Cameron

We wish to thank the *Times and Guide* for giving us the space in their weekly paper.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB

The Language Club of this, the 1938-39 season, has been a great success. Miss Lacarte and Miss Smith ably guided the executive in presenting very enjoyable and interesting programmes. The meetings, which took place the last Thursday in every month, from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m., consisted of singing, skits, games and talks in French and German. Although the Club was restricted to fourth and fifth formers, one meeting, the German night, was open to the third form students. General conversation was often spoken in French and German. The Annual "Open" Meeting is to be held in the latter part of March.

The Executive of the Club is:

President	Bill Hill
Vice-President	Monica Lepingwell
Secretary	Evelyn Gardhouse
Treasurer	Margaret Devins



MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB EXECUTIVE

Front Row, left to right—M. Devins, E. Gardhouse, N. Cuthbertson, M. Lepingwell.
Back Row—E. Rushbrook, Miss Smith, W. Hill, Miss LaCarte, G. McKelvey.





CAMERA CLUB

Front Row, left to right—K. McClelland, K. Barker, M. Bent.

Back Row—Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Whiting.

THE CAMERA CLUB

This year, for the first time, we have a Camera Club in the school. The response of the students to this project has been very gratifying to the organizers. At our meetings we have covered the elementary points of taking pictures outdoors and developing and printing. We hope to have an exhibition of pictures later on in the term; as yet, however, nothing has been done in this direction. Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Whiting are to be thanked for their help and advice, which has been a main factor in the success of the Club.

Although the Club is at present fairly small, we have hopes that, in a few years it will expand to a good-sized group of serious amateurs. The officers of the Club are:

Honorary President	Mr. Metcalfe
Vice-President	Ken McClelland
President	Maurice Bent
Secretary	Margaret Addy
Librarian	Kai Barker

IIA GIRLS' CHOIR

The 2A Girls' Choir is a new institution this year. It is under the leadership of Mr. Metcalfe. This group sang very well at the Annual Commencement, on Dramatic Night, and at several morning assemblys. Their rendition of *Three Blind Mice* in Latin in the auditorium one morning had everyone humming this tune for weeks.

THE ART CLUB

This year an Art Club was instituted at the school by Miss Govenlock and some Lower School students. As it was started late in the year, the Club has, as yet, not undertaken any large projects, but its aims are high. We expect to see some of the work of this body on exhibit at the Annual Exhibition.

This is a worthy society and we hope to see it grow in future years, under Miss Govenlock's able guidance. An Art Club can be of great value to a school!



ART CLUB

Front Row, left to right—B. Lindsay, J. McClelland, Miss Govenlock.

Back Row—S. Hill, R. Allatt.



THE ORCHESTRA

Front Row, left to right—E. Hollyer, W. Livings, Helen Rowntree, E. Bryham, M. Mowbray, **Mr.** Metcalfe, E. Aitcheson, W. Gowland, F. Allen, R. Roos, B. Arthur.

Back Row—K. Lindsay, S. Elphic, E. Smith, W. Farrence, F. English, F. Cousins, K. Burslem, D. MacIntyre, V. Shaw, D. Cameron, C. Grimes, J. Blayney, J. Metcalfe, L. Fraser.

THE ORCHESTRA

Three mornings a week the orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Metcalfe, starts the day off with a swing.

The orchestra entertains enthusiastic and appreciative audiences, at the Annual Commencement, the Inaugural Meeting of the Board of Education, the Dramatic Night, and the Annual Exhibition.

The twenty-five members enjoy their task and give Mr. Metcalfe all the co-operation that is needed to make a successful band. His instruction is valuable and they consider him a good friend as well as very capable leader.

We wish them continued success this year and we are looking forward to a bigger and better school orchestra next term.

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THE GLEE CLUB

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has continued this year under the leadership of Mr. Metcalfe. The group is quite large and contain quite a variety of fine male and female voices. Their only public appearance so far has been on Dramatic Night, when they performed splendidly. Of special note was their excellent rendition of *Come to the Fair*. We hope that this Club will be even larger and better next year and have continued success.

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A PAST PUPIL'S REVIEW

Continued from page 25.

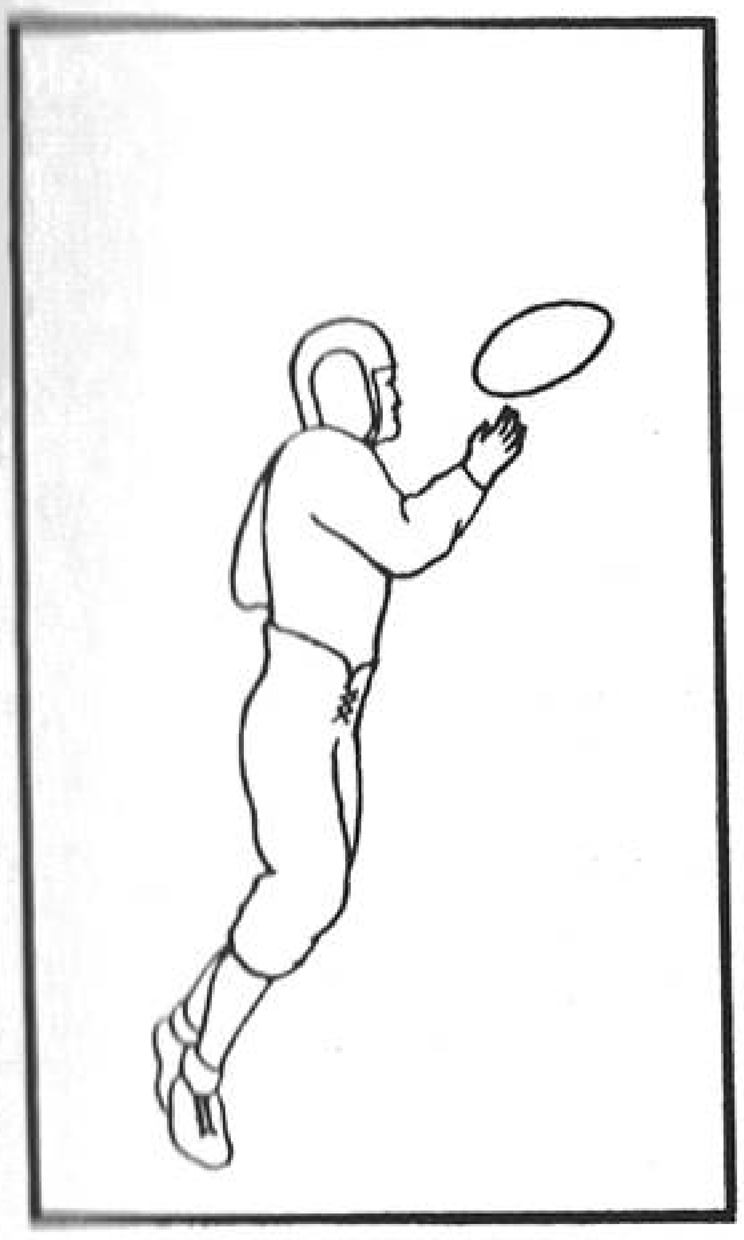
apples while rescuing the ball. In those days it was quite a common occurrence to jump out of the window when the schoolmaster's back was turned, and return quickly the same way without his knowledge. The only physical training equipment was a ladder which the boys used to swing on in their class periods. Mr. Rowntree was present at the opening of the new high school on College Street in 1914.

Dr. Allan Bull—another of our prominent Weston doctors, graduated from W.C.V.S. in 1925, the year that the schools in Toronto district first organized rugby teams. Weston won its first rugby championship. Great credit is due to this first W.C.V.S. team as they competed against teams supported by trained coaches and P.T. instructors; their small untrained team managed to come out on top with the championship. Eight members of the Bull family have attended our school at different times, as well as Dr. Bull's cousin, Dr. W. Howard Charlton.

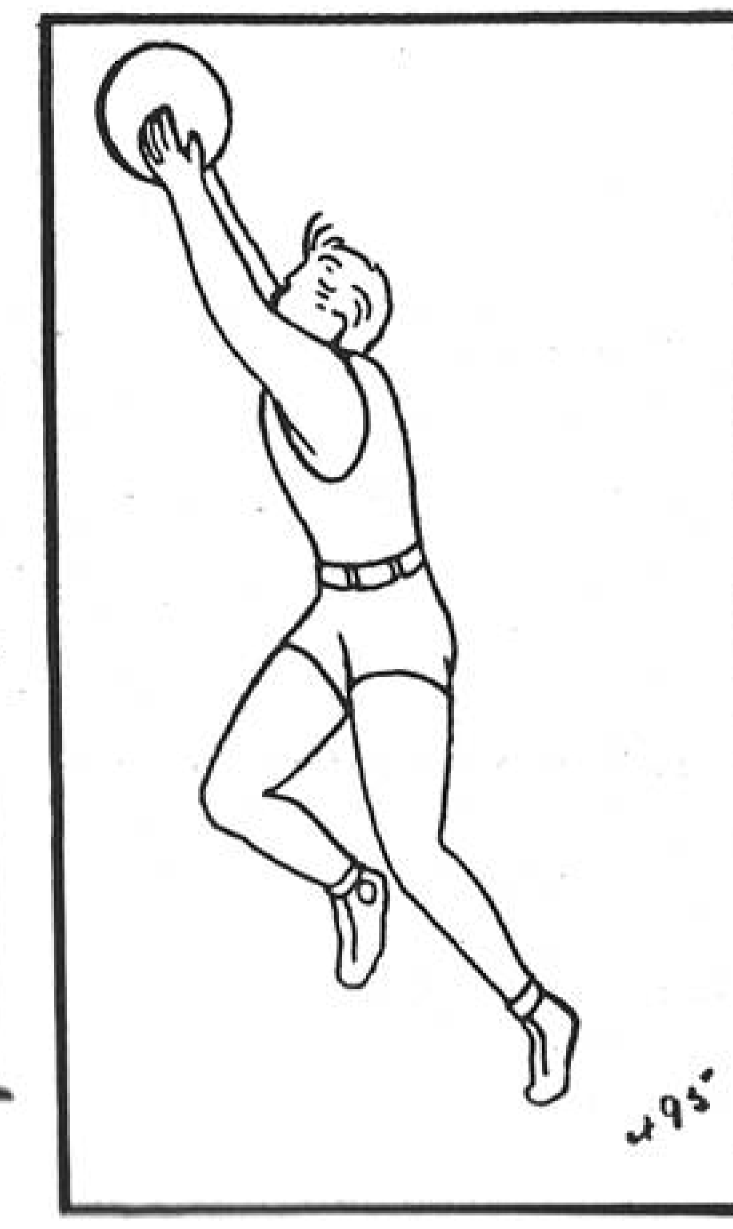
Do you know that two members of the teaching staff attended our school in past years? *Miss Rowland,* who attended our school in 1932, does not think the school has changed at all, while *Miss Campbell* sees many changes since she attended in 1925. She remembers when there was a tennis court where the Vocational School now stands. When asked what she thought about the education of to-day as compared with that of former days, she said:

"From the point of view of equipment and optional courses offered, the student of to-day has many advantages, but from the point of view of application and a thorough grasp of the fundamentals, he does not seem to have followed them up. Possibly, there was a greater incentive then than now; certainly, there were fewer outside interests; and, then again, possibly I'm prejudiced."

NOTE: Former pupils of this school are invited to write to the magazine editor. Any information concerning the earlier days and ways of this school will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged. We know very little of the former times; perhaps you can add to our little store of knowledge concerning this great school's past!



IN FIELD and GYM



B. BRADFORD V2A

GIRLS' SPORTS

By AUDREY DOUGHERTY

On September 24, 1938, the athletic representatives met to elect their officers for the ensuing year. It was decided that this year a new system was to be tried. The different sports activities should be headed by one of the representatives.

The executive is:

Honorary President	Miss Chisholm
President	Beth Colhoun
Vice-President	Betty Hylton
Secretary	Jessie Cameron
Social Convenor	Elsie Overton

The first event of the girls' athletic season was the annual hike. On October 6 one hundred and ten girls found their way to Mount Royal for the weiner roast. When they arrived at their destination they made three fires and put their weiners on to boil. After wandering around exploring the many hills and dales, they were told to form a single line to get their rations. This order was gladly fulfilled by all. When they had eaten their marshmallows and weiners they gave some school yells, in preparation for the rugby games.

This year, the baseball championship was won by C3, who showed they were the best team in the school and thus earned the title. Each girl on the team was given a baseball crest. Congratulations!

On October 14 a T.D.G.I.A.A. Play Day was held at York Memorial. Girls from Etobicoke, Port Credit, Brampton, Runnymede and Weston were present. Volleyball, baseball, and relays were a few sports responsible for giving the girls a very enjoyable time. Dancing and a sing-song, followed by refreshments completed the day.

For the first time in four years a school Field Day was held. The girls eagerly trained for this sports day and were in top form. Some of the preliminaries were held in the school grounds owing to the many entries for some events. For the girls, there was the 50-yard dash, 100-yard dash, relay, baseball throw, basketball throw, and jumping. The senior championship was won by June Crang and Jennie Holmes, both obtaining eight points. Marion Snider, with ten points, succeeded in winning the junior championship. The girls were presented with their trophies by Miss Chisholm at the boys' rugby banquet held on November 25. This banquet was a great success and a dance was held in the gym. afterwards.

VOLLEYBALL

Under the new plan, Nancy Forgie was in charge of the volleyball this year. Nancy is to be congratulated on her excellent efforts to draw up a schedule and see that the teams were there on time. C3 after defeating 3B in the third form group 17-15, went on to defeat the winners of the second form, C-2A, to the tune of 18-15. Again C3 is to be congratulated on their exhibition of good sportsmanship and excellence in volleyball.

BASKETBALL

The basketball schedule has been delayed this year by the play practises and the decorating of the gym. for the school dance. As yet only one game has been played and that between 3A and 3B. The score was 4-3 in favour of 3A. 3A are off to a winning start and should continue. We are going to entertain Runnymede, Vaughan and York some afternoons and show them what we can do in basketball. Best of luck to the girls who participate.

BADMINTON

The badminton this year has been held back by the play practises and the decorating for the dance. Mabel Hill, who has charge of the badminton, has hopes of holding a badminton tournament this year.

This year the Girls' Athletic Association bought eight new racquets, which have been put to good use during the P.T. periods and after school.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC BOARD

Front Row, left to right—M. Hill, B. Hilton, J. Cameron.
Back Row— N. Forgie, B. Calhoun, J. Smart.

WINNERS OF W's

Last year four girls received large W's for gymnastic work and aid in the carrying out of the programmes. Those who received them were: Grace Cameron, Ella Luckanuck, Helen Rowntree, and Dorothy Terrill, who obtained her W for participating in the orchestra.

Miss Chishom has started a Gym. Club which meet each Monday if possible. This Club will give any girls in the school the chance to learn tumbling and apparatus work. Remember, any girl can join, so turn out and support this new branch of sport.

On the first of March a Play Day was held at York Memorial for the senior girls. A dance instructor was present to teach the girls the intricacies of this popular amusement. An added attraction, that we have not the privilege of having, was a swim. This should make the Play Day very popular, because many of the girls in Weston have a chance to swim only in the summer.

COMING EVENTS

As yet the date for the Mother and Daughter Tea has not been arranged. At the night school closing the girls will take part in the following:

A Character Dance .... 3A and 3B
Gymnastic Table .... C1A and 1C
Gathering Peascods 1A
A Novelty Dance 2A



BOYS' ATHLETIC BOARD

Front Row, left to right—B. Lawrence, M. Hall, G. Moulton.

Back Row: D. Miller, H. Pawson.

BOYS' SPORTS

TRACK AND FIELD

The first Field Day for many years at Weston, was held last Fall at the Fair Grounds. The coming of Mr. Templeton to our school last year was the incentive for this Field Day.

Last May, Peter Marks, a new comer to the school in company with Messrs. Scott and MacMurray, attended the Q.D.I.A.A. Field Meet, where Marks entered in two events. In the 100-yard dash, he placed first, and was 2nd in the 220-yard dash. With this to work on, the P.T. teachers set out to have a Field Day in the Fall. Mr. Templeton's arrival proved the necessary match to ignite the flame, and early in October, a Field Day was held. Nearly everyone from the school attended, along with many interested citizens of the town. Many were the thrills, and though no records were broken, it looks as though Weston will bear some watching at the next Q.D.I.A.A. Meet. The boys' champions are as follows:

Senior—Bruce Lawrence.
Intermediate—Peter Marks.
Junior—Ross McKelvey.



IVA - IVB RUGBY TEAM

Front Row, left to right—E. Lawrence, Ted Nixon, R. Grosskurth, W. Taylor, H. Higgins, K. Wood.
Back Row—E. Rushbrook, L. Tyler, D. Orr, D. Allatt, L. Luckett.

INTERFORM RUGBY

After a year's absence, interform rugby staged a comeback to complete a very successful year of rugby. Due to examinations coming in November, the schedule had to be postponed and it was not until December that the finals were played.

In the Upper School, the 4AB combination proved too strong for any other aggregation. 3B put up a strong fight, but finally were downed by the heavier and more experienced crew from fourth.

In the Lower School, V-2B defeated V1V2 on the hard December sands. Several of the players on both of these teams should make the Junior squad next year.

This year the interform rugby was run off under the supervision of Peter Marks, who was ably assisted by several members of the Senior rugby team, who acted as referees. Messrs. Scott and MacMurray should find some very excellent material for their squads of 1939, from both the winning teams and those who lost.

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Mac Duff (snap)—His first year at playing rugby, but the way in which he broke up the opposing team's plays, made him very dangerous.

"Walt" Watson (end)—Late in coming out to play for the team, but his spectacular playing won him a permanent position on the team. Remember Etobicoke and his touchdown?

"Gib" Gove (middle)—Also a late comer to the team, but he was always an effective and dangerous player, both offensively and defensively.

Jack Melville (half)—A heavy, hard-hitting player and a very fast runner.

Mac Hall (inside)—Another late comer and also his first year at playing rugby. He was great in breaking up opposing plays and his tackling was outstanding.

Pat Burns (kicker and inside lineman)—He ably filled the vacancy made by the loss of the regular kicker. On the line his blocking attracted much attention.

Pete Kryskow (inside)—A steady, dependable member of the squad. He fulfilled his duty on the line by his tackling and blocking.

Tom Whittaker (middle)—One of our heaviest linemen. His part of the line always held and he was responsible for the team carrying out so many fake plunges.

George Ledingham—A middle and plunger for the team. George by his spectacular plunging gained many yards for the team.

"Ray" Dunster—Flying wing and was quarter-back in the last three games. His spectacular broken field running at Etobicoke will remain in our memories.

"Stew" May (snap and half-back)—A good ball handler, both when he played snap and when he was moved back to fulfill the position of half-back.

Francis—(inside)—Newcomer to our gridiron and shows much promise for next year's squad.

"Mort" Walker (middle)—Very fast and broke up many kicks, much to the annoyance of the opposing players.

Dick Poole (half-back and plunger)—A very fast and effective player. His plunging and tackling made him one of the outstanding players of the team.

Bert Shore (flying wing)—First year as a member of the team, he displayed much speed and skill in running back kicks.

Ed. Booth (right outside)—Very fast, one of the flashiest players on the field. His completion of forward passes gave the spectators many thrills.

Teddy Grosskurth (left outside)—A very tricky runner, always on the job and completed many long forward passes.

Bruce Lawrence (quarter-back and captain)—He played spectacular rugby until hurt at a game at Mimico and was out for the rest of the season.

Johnny Watts (water boy)—The team had a different water boy every game and he was "it" the day the picture was taken.

Lloyd Luckett (manager)—Always a big help in the dressing room, and the players appreciated the way in which he handled their uniforms.

Mr. MacMurray (coach)—The first year he handled the Senior squad, and all the members of the members of the team appreciate the time and work he gave to the team.

Cain (outside)—A very fast and speedy tackler. He played fine rugby while a member of the team, but did not participate in the last three games.

Doug. Banting (half and kicker)—An excellent man in the backfield. His kicking was outstanding every game he played, but he did not play in the last three games because he left school to go to work.

Ben Cannel (middle)—Outstanding blocker and and tackler. His ability as a rugby player was greatly missed when he left the team.

Franks Watson—Absent the day the picture was taken.



FIELD DAY PRIZE WINNERS

Front Row, left to right—M. Snider, J. Crang, J. Holmes.
Back Row—P. Marks, R. McKelvey, B. Lawrence.



CHAMPION VOCATIONAL RUGBY TEAM

Back Row, left to right—J. Kolody, S. Clough, Jack Carter, K. Blackburn, P. Hollyer, B. Belford, J. Cowell.

Front Row—F. Hardy, D. Conway, D. Andrews, Jack Evans, W. Ablewhite, L. Hilton, W. Ermel.

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Don Poole (kicking half and captain)—A good all-round man who kicked us out of many tight spots, and who was one of the team's driving forces.

Harry Worthington (quarter-back)—Whose expert guidance almost led Weston to a championship; was a star in every game.

Wes Boddington (right outside)—Showed himself to be a clever end in the excellent manner in which he tackled his opponents, and in snaring forward passes.

Don McIntyre (inside)—Don has had three years' "junior" experience, and could always be depended on to open a hole in the opposing line, or break up the opposition's plays.

John Sartell (middle)—In his first year of organized rugby showed that he has what it takes, and is a real prospect for next year's Senior team.

Jack Heath (snap)—Was especially noted for the opposition's short passes through the centre of the line, and was the spear-head of the Weston attack.

Stan McNeil (right middle)—Was always prepared for the unexpected, and always in the thick of the play.

Pete Marks (flying wing)—Did some spectacular ball carrying and pass receiving, and as he has another year in junior rugby he is the man to watch next fall.

Don Moore (half)—Has plenty of weight and as he also has another year in junior rugby, he will bear watching.

Ross "Blondie" McKelvey (half)—Was an excellent ball-handler, runner and pass-receiver, and will probably be the quarter-back on next year's Junior squad.

Steve Strattepetti (plunging half)—Ripped open the opposing line for large gains on many occasions. Steve expects to play Junior again next year.

Ralph Wright (middle)—Was a good lineman and broke up many of the opposition's plays.

Ken Fortune (middle)—Played an excellent game this year at middle and should move up to Senior company next year.

Hugh Pawson (inside)—Was one of the best linemen West had this year, being especially effective in breaking through the opponents' line to break up their plays before they could get into action.

Doug. Campbell (middle)—This was Doug's first year and after a few games he proved to be very effective.

Don Beardall (half)—One of the veterans of the team who could always be depended on in almost any position, particularly in the middle of the line.

Esmond Butler (middle)—Had plenty of weight and used it to the disadvantage of the opposition. He should be of great value to next year's Junior squad.

Stan George (wing)—Showed himself to be an excellent ball carrier and pass receiver, especially in the final game against Etobicoke.

Wes Wittaker (plunging half—Had plenty of weight and gained many yards. He will be a valuable asset to the Senior squad next Fall.

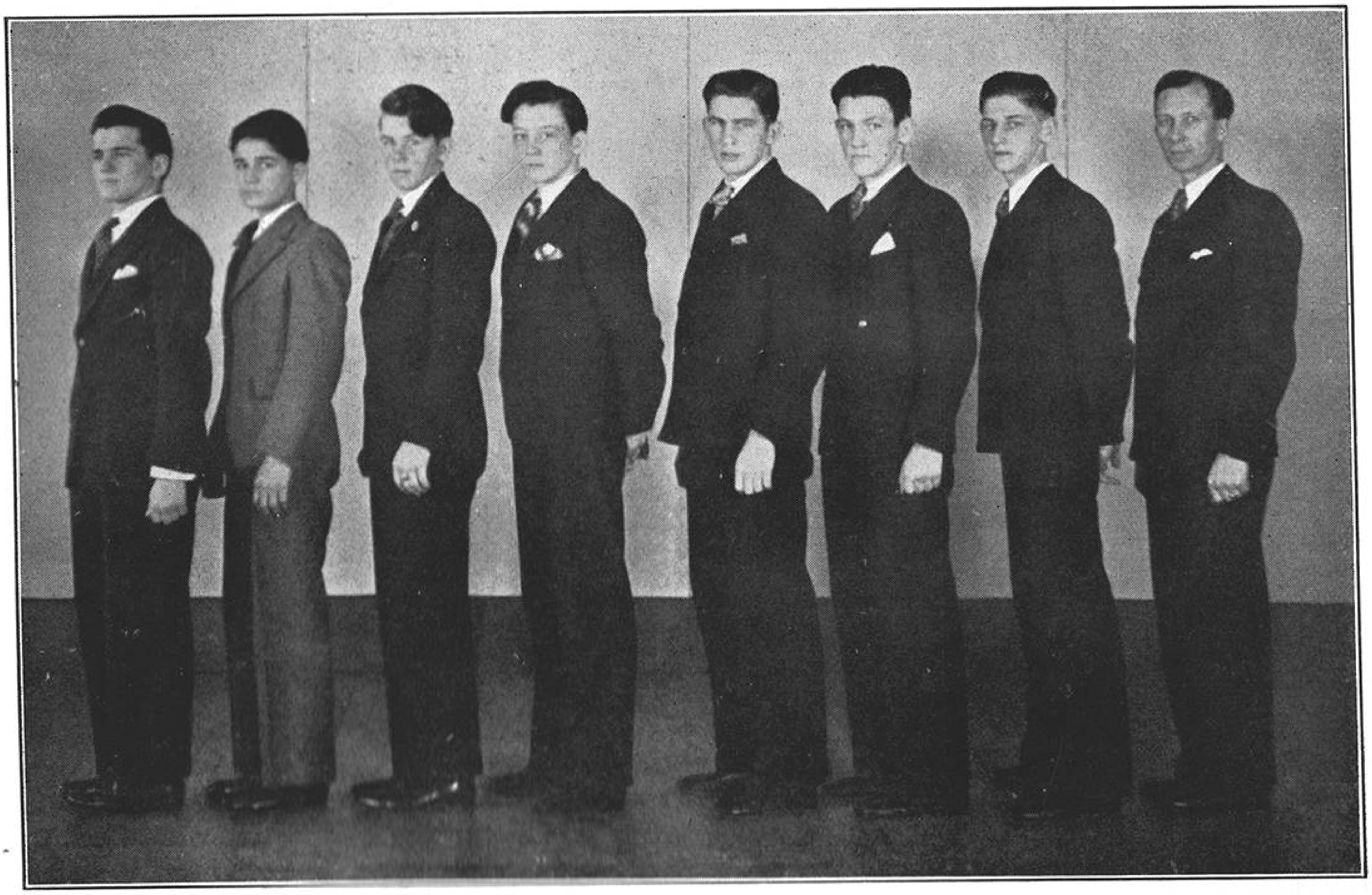
Wally Pidgeon (left outside)—He played very few times this year, but should do great work on next year's Junior squad.

Dick Watts (right wing)—After two years' hard work as a sub on the Junior team, Dick was one of the best pass-receivers in Junior rugby. He should continue as a star next year on the Senior squad.

Mr. Scott—The Athletic Association and the Junior rugby team owe him many thanks for the manner in which he whipped a team together from an absolutely unknown quality. This Junior team came the closest to winning the championship of any team Weston has put out for many years.

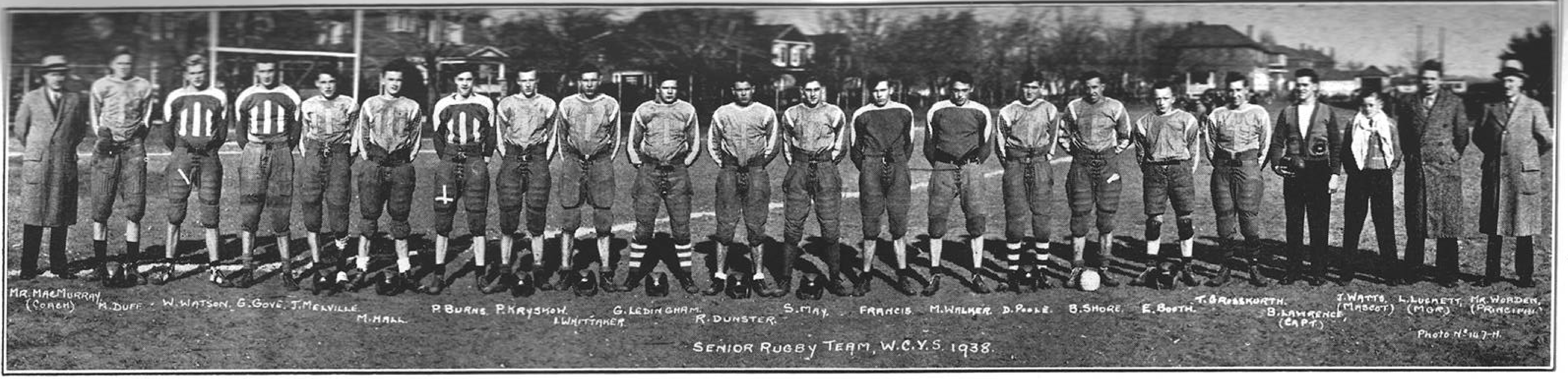
John Ferguson, Doug. Cameron, Dave Miller and George Moulton—Thanks for the excellent manner in which you assisted Mr. Scott this year.

Walter Hall and John Watts—Thanks to you boys for the manner in which you got the water out to the boys on the field.



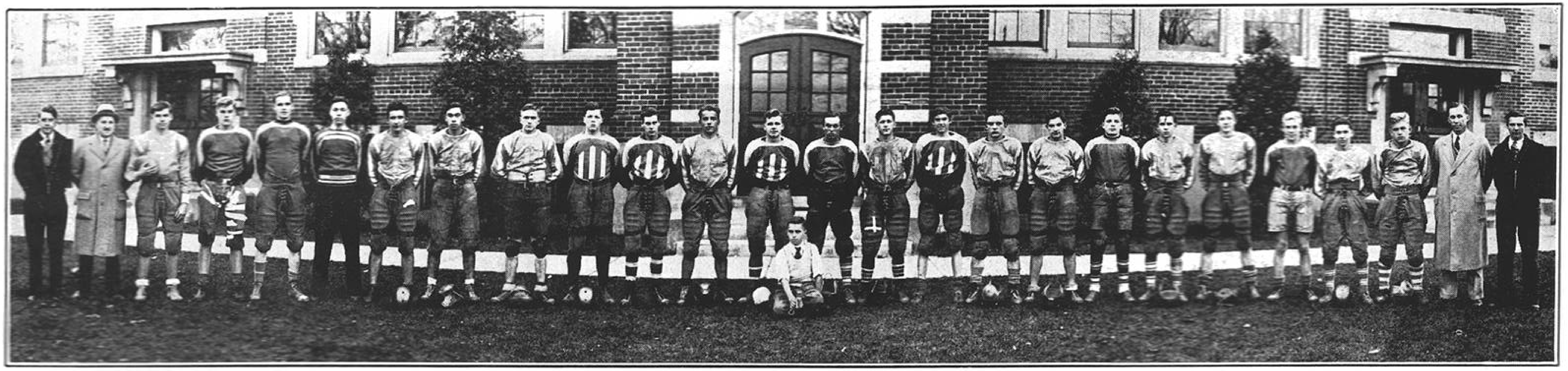
GYM TEAM

Left to Right—B. Lawrence, J. Glanville, Dave Miller, R. Winder, E. Stanfield, E. Lawrence, S. May, Mr. Scott.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Left to Right—Mr. MacMurray (coach), M. Duff, W. Watson, G. Gove, J. Melville, M. Hall, P. Burns, P. Kryskow, I. Whittaker, G. Ledingham, R. Dunster, S. May, Francis; M. Walker, D. Poole, B. Shore, E. Booth, T. Grosskurth, B. Lawrence (capt.), J. Watts (mascot), L. Luckett (mgr.), Mr. Worden (principal).



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Left to Right—D. Miller, Mr. Worden, D. Poole, E. Butler, D. Beardall, F. Martin, J. Heath, J. Sartell, D. MacIntyre, H. Pawson, D. Campbell, S. Strattepetti, R. Wright, K. Fortune, H. Worthington, S. George, W. Whittaker, S. McNeil, W. Pidgeon, W. Boddington, D. Watts, R. McKelvey, P. Marks, D. Moore, Mr. Scott, G. Moulton, (mascot Boddington).


38 !!
Faces !!
38 faces
Not one of them sad;
A Lot of them are smiling;
And why are they so glad?
Now 38 faces
Are collected, calm and cool,
For their maps are in the magazine
of Good ole Weston school.
Just 38 faces!
Should be 1000 here!
Grinning at the camera
with syncopated leer.
38 faces
Now wish you all adieu;
And next year in these pictures
Might just as well be YOU!!
This is our first photopage. Fill it Next year! No face in the school could possibly be any worse than
's
WCVS
MANU CORDEQUE
By G.W.

★ FORM GOSSIP ★

V FORM NEWS

Incorporated with Fifth Form Scandal by

BETTY BROOKFIELD, C.G.
(C.G.=Chief Gossip.)

Pat Armstrong—After visiting Germany last summer, Pat has kept us well supplied with interesting details of her trip. She seems to have lost her taste for Trig. Strange!

Audrey Ring—Cheerfully provides competition for the Woodbridge school bus. No wonder—with that smile of hers!

Bob Cross—A newcomer, hails from Bala. His infectious grin is the delight of the girls. Weakness seems to be red hair.

Verna Wilson—What gives Verna that dreamy wistful look? Is it some elusive Trig. problem or is it one of those handsome farmers?

Bob Johnston—Who occasionally favours us with his presence, plays the accordion in our school orchestra.

Jim Burford—Inspired by North Toronto, seems to have a weakness for boxing—especially in the nose!

Phyllis Church—"Phyl", who is a constant distraction to Gord Wood, has a decided flair for writing.

Frank Watson—"Nimrod", captain of the Alley Cats bowling team, has a gun now. He intends to hunt game instead of girls. Alas! What will the fifth form girls do now?

Bert Shore—"Alibi Ike," is Watson's side-kick. If you don't believe it—refer to the attendance record.

Margaret Duff—A golden-haired newcomer from Caledon East, is very popular at Weston. We wonder if E. Booth's heart will stand the strain. Marg. is just getting used to Mr. Christie's air-tight homework system. No escape, Margaret, my dear!

William Cameron—"Doc", an enthusiastic English student, can be counted on for a good argument with the teachers anytime.

Muriel Scrace—Is a positive genius for having homework done. However, it doesn't seem to harm her humour.

Jack Hill—A high average bowler who keeps the girls satisfied by taking a different seat every day. Oh! to be popular.

Kenneth Wood—Hobnobs with M. Bent. Pet subjects seem to be chemistry and physics.

Shirley Rowland—Sweet and sophisticated. Shirley takes her geometry seriously.

Bill Hannah—It's marvellous the way Bill and Mr. Whiting get along. But who knows — some day he may be a great chemist.

Dorothy Orr—Oh where, oh where . . . ? Here today, gone today!

Dorothy Harrison—Of Emery, is one of the steady customers of the "Constable Bus." Dot can get a laugh out of everything.

Ralph Wright—Is a poetical young man. He has probably written sonnets about a lovely red-head we know. Weakness—violent, Nerve-wracking, yellow socks.

Hellen Jeffrey—Her winsome smile is an inspiration to the Fifth Form. Hellen's a star in Trig.

Gilbert Gove—"Gib's" cheeks are still red from blushing when Mr. Jeffrey caught him combing Marg's hair.

Charlotte Douglas—Charlotte is very quiet but her charming personality speaks for itself.

Lloyd Luckett—Has been lost without his job as manager ever since the close of the rugby season. Weakness—blocking door-ways.

Bessie Keown—Her petit figure can always be seen bustling from class to class driven by a deep thirst for knowledge.

Ross Byers—Can it be that Ross is really interested in Geometry? Or maybe curves and figures are interesting!

Joyce Newton—Is so full of mischief that rules and regulations don't hold her down. However, her big brown eyes get her out of any difficulty that unprepared homework gets her into. But Miss Wattie says "Piffle," big brown eyes or no big brown eyes.

Margaret Humphreys—Why does Marg always blush in English period when the boy in front of her accidentally (?) forgets his books?

(Marg's colourful locks have Form V stags woozy!)

McEwen Duff—An ardent admirer of red-heads, but a genius in mathematics. What a mixture.

Betty Brookfield—Could be that "Betty B's" power of concentration were greater. I'll bet that Mr. Armstrong wishes there was an extra front seat for me. Fate—to be lynched by Form V when these cracks get out.

Bob Paine—One of those elusive students who is here one day and gone the next. It's a great life!

Jean Constable—Has saved more than one Modern History student by loaning her excellent notes. Jean brings a car-load of twelve souls to school every day.

Maurice Bent—Has an innocent look—but sometimes I wonder! His photography makes a hit with everybody.

Gordon Wood—Editor of the Conning Tower, has hounded us all for months to have our news in on time. Ambition—To strangle everyone who calls him "Jerry." Oh, that Play!

Enid Shore—Diminutive edition of the Shore family, has a sweet sunny disposition, and a good English Note-book.

William Procter—From Caledon East, thinks he is a Robert Taylor at heart, but we all see through it.

Margaret Devins—Marg tells me that her ambition is to grow up some day. We like you the way you are now, Marg, so don't change.

Robert Stephens—There's been a strange rumour going around that Bob is growing a moustache.

George McKelvey—George's great ambition is to be a great man when he grows up. Well, anyway—it's something to look forward to.

Mary Thompson—Keeps up the prestige of the class by her snappy appearance and gay smile. Mary is a whiz at badminton. What? No scandal? Surely!

Mr H. G. S. Jeffrey—Has set a remarkable example of patience and understanding for the Fifth Form. No kidding. We are a terrible bunch.

●

IVA FORM NEWS

By Dick Watts

Bob Grosskurth—
Bob has a head all covered with curls,
And in his opinion he slays all the girls.
Audrey Dougherty—
Audrey learns lines without e're a pause,
And at the school play she earns her applause.
Pete Duthie—
This boy gargles with razor blades,
But it does not keep him from the maids.
Bill Cairns—
To the ladies he seems Casanova to be,
'Cause he's quite the man for eyes to see.
Olga Nolan—
When Olga is dreaming and caught off her guard,
To think of an answer, she finds very hard.
Ed. Rushbrook—
He's a jovial fellow, we all know 'tis true,
And attempts, with good fortune, the lassies to woo.
Harry Cooper—
He chatters, he chatters, he chatters all day,
The teachers, the teachers, their hair doth turn grey.
Ernie Thornton—
Ernie takes paper "am Ende des Tages",
And the money he earns jingles round in his pockets.
Jim Boddington—
Jim always has answers for Mr. Armstrong,
And 'tis seldom that they turn out to be wrong.
King Lindsay—
King Lindsay's desire's a chemist to be,
And he mixes solutions too tricky for me.
Stuart May—
To Stuart his languages do not come easy,
But on the trapeze he never gets dizzy.
Doug. Orr—
His reasons for having his homework not done,
Do not please the teachers and they'll accept none.
George Ledingham—
For the work that he does in German 'tis said,
Good old Jo might as well be asleep in his bed.
Mildred Mousely—
Mildred in school's a belligerent wit,
She doesn't like any teacher a bit.
Hazel Graham—
Poor Hazel will blush at the least little thing,
Messrs. Anderson, Christie, or any old thing.
Joan Silman—
Joan is a quiet, controlled little maid,
Who will help the poor soul whose homework's mislaid.
Frances Packham —
Her smile is willing, she's eager to please,
She can rhyme off homework with an effortless ease.

Mary Leuty—
Our Mary is willing to help the poor sap
Who gets caught behind her taking a nap.
Phyllis Boylen—
We only see Phyllis at morn and at night,
But when we do see her, she's plenty all right.
Velma Middleton—
Velma in German is amazing to hear,
But in English she's spending her second bored year.
Elsie Richardson—
Her Latin is perfect, her German is too,
In fact there is nothing that Elsie can't do.
Bessie Arthur—
Bessie's the star of our wonderful class,
And on top of that she's the laughingest lass.
Alan Mack—
This man is the champion of lads and of lasses,
Who arrive without homework at all of their classes.
John Metcalfe—
His curls are the envy of boys young and old,
When he turns on that smile the girls pass out cold.
Harvey Higgins—
His excuses for lateness are really quite bad,
But they never make our form teacher mad.
Dick Watts—
His manners in school may seem rather boorish,
But at kissing the girls he's not amateurish.

IVB FORM NEWS

Wes Boddington—After all the accidents he's had in "stinks". We sometimes wonder if Wes ever thinks.

Art Bushell—At Chemistry Art sure is a wiz—But at Geometry he seems to fiz.

Burt Avery—As a hobby Burt flies planes.—But when it comes to History his memory wanes.

Mort Walker—Although Mort was raised on a farm. The girls are floored by his manly charm.

Bert Augustine—In Geometry Bert makes many a blunder. What he does after school—We sometimes wonder!

Jeanne Cousins—With girls like Jeanne good old 4B. Can rival forms like sweet 4C.

Ed Booth—Little Eddy has a flaming mop. When he starts to dance—he makes them hop.

John Sartell—Johnny is a lady's man. He does his best—that's the best he can.

Mac Hall—Mac seems to be on every committee. With his running around he drives us ditty.

Ken McClelland—Brother Ken—he was in the play. Was he good? We'd rather not say.

Lulu Johnson—Many a heart has rung its knell. Because of 4 B's Lulubelle.

Bill Harper—In Ancient History his mind may be dim. But you wouldn't hear us in Aud if it wasn't for him.

Frank Topper—About Frank we can get a rhyme. Because he's seldom (?) here on time.

Walt Taylor—Walt considers himself a wit. Well, he's half right.

Lorne Tyler—Though Lorne finds Geometry quite tiresome. Every girl we know considers him handsome.

Hib Paine—For Chemistry Hibbard Paine, Forever shows his disdain. By making Mr. Whiting work in vain.

Doug Allatt—Although Doug's first name rhymes with slug. The girls all say he has a handsome mug. (?)

Jack Melville—At boxing Jack is adept. Mostly because he's got a good left.

Ray Dunster—Although Ray seems to shine in French. He finds Geometry (unlike girls) to be no cinch.

Norma Cain—Our smallest girl is Norma Cain. She strives to raise her voice in vain.

Gord Kidd—Even if Gord was raised in the sticks. He doesn't consider Weston girls hicks (or does he).

Bill Snyder—We even have a rhyme about Bill Snyder, at 3:40 he wishes the door was wider. (So he can get out????).

Ed Lawrence—He played quarter on our rugby team—A "handsome" answer to any girl's dream.

Roy Smardon—Now that Roy has moved away. He'll work in peace the live long day.

Eleanor Oliver—For a girl Eleanor is known well. In fact, 4B considers her swell.

Don Beardall—About Don we have no rhyme. Partly because we were rushed for time.

Ted Nixon—But it's a different story with handsome (?) Ted—What he does out of school is best left unsaid.

Mr. Armstrong does the best he can. If he made Form IIIA work he'd be a super-man.

IVC FORM NEWS

By N. MOBBS

Registered	First Impression	Remarks	Ambition	Fate	Weakness
S. Augustine	Minor adonis	Sorta a'	Druggist	Soda worker	Mr. Brooks
J. Beach	Strong and silent	'S a spare, sir	Big shot	Slight explosion	Talking
M. Banks	Glamour girl	I don't know	Prima Donna	Music teacher	Red nail polish
E. Beale	Encyclopedia	Scram!	Teacher	Lion-tamer	Correct answer
F. Berry	Mona Lisa	Ah—um	Doctor	Pianist	Long finger nails
J. Best	Worried	A test to-day	A millionaire's wife	History expert	Jewellery
E, Brigham	Six foot two,	Oh! isn't it cute	Violinist	Painter	Blushing
G. Cameron	Red		Nurse	Hat-check girl	Blushing
N. Cuthbertson	Angelic	Oh look!	A red roadster	Fire-chief	Knowledge
W. Dever	Tiny	Oh golly!	Five ft. six ins.	Roller-skater	Day-dreaming
D. Dovey	Giggling girl	Tee-hee	Professor	Gracie Allen 2nd	History
O. Farr	This 'n that	Huh!	To see Nelson Eddy	Organist	New cars
E. Gardhouse	A lady!	'Twas super	Graduate of V.C.	Dress designer	Potato-chips
K. Grosskurth	Upstanding	I'm hungry	Lady of leisure	Lazy lady	Wainwright, Alta.
M. Hill	Cute!	Oh fluff!	Reporter	Keyhole Katy	Singing
S. Jordon	Learned	?	Optometrist	Chemist	85's in Chemistry
J. Keown	Silence is golden	"none"	Air-hostess	Trapeze artist	Ancient History
B. Lawrence	Answer to maiden's prayer	Well—I—	Football coach	Rugby star	Pretty faces
M. Lepingwell (thrice comf. Hope)	Svelte	Dictionary please!	Nurse	Cabaret hostess	Needle & thread
R. Lepingwell	A jolly good fellow	She larfed	Graduate of Vic.	Comedian	Mystery thrillers
D. McIntyre	Tooth-paste ad	Don't know, sir	Orchestra leader	Second fiddle	The wimmin
N. Mobbs	Red	Ah shucks!	To bowl 200	Bowl 198	Being late
B. Rees	Cleopatra	Don't get it	Interior decorator	Interior decoration	Coco-Cola
B. Scott	Sweet 'n shy	"Inaudible"	Secretary	Movie star	Dimples
O. Widenham	A blonde?	I'll miss the bus	Nurse	Missionary	Chewing gum
Mademoiselle La Carte	Determined	The boards, boys	Portrait painter	French teacher	Red

IIIA FORM NEWS

Johann Johannes—100% in German and Physics, and "100%er" as a form teacher.

Editor's Note: (after much research, I have learned that J. J. is none other than Miss Eadie!)

Betty Hylton—Quoth Betty, "I missed my prayers to get me dressed by noon." (or is that the reason she's always late.)

Glen Graham—He's the flowery chap of our form.

William Lynskey—He gets his attendance marked in 3A, But we never see him the rest of the day.

Dorothy Brown—She's 3A's liveliest girl. With her bursts of knowledge, she keeps us in a whirl.

Helen Wallace—I believe her ambition is to become a school mistress, who boasts unruly brats to tame.

Kenneth O'Hara—He's never at a loss to know what to do; it's what not to do that concerns him, because he finds trouble every way he turns.

Helen Mallaby—Calling all boys—Here's a girl with blond hair and blue eyes.

Joyce Forster—Miss LaCarte ought to know " 'Tis better to be seen than heard."

Margaret Mowbray—Our violin soloist, and she also has a ready smile that's worth a million.

Harold Lenehan—He's usually in on those mischievous tricks. His face betrays it.

Fred Wakeman—Did you hear what she said, Wakeman? Can you repeat what she said, Wakeman?

Roy White—Writing compositions for Miss Rowland gives Roy and Bud time to play.

Edith Aitchison—She loves music, sleeping, and laughter, And then ? ? ? ? comes after.

Frances Allan—She has wit, song, and sense, Mirth, sport and *eloquence.*

Lloyd Bailey—Being good over in his corner of the room is an awfully lonesome job.

Jim Blayney—When it comes to blowing a bugle (or is it a trumpet) and mixing zinc and sulphuric acid, Jim's right there.

Kai Barker—She dreams of that far-away land, where the good-looking boys are so plentiful.

Margaret Cameron—She never says much, but when she does, it's not what one expects.

Marian Canning—Her cheeks are like roses, growing amid the snow.

Nancy Forgie—She's the girl that loves to figure skate. First it's the Lambeth Walk, and now the figure eight.

Kenneth Reeves—He's a worker when he wants to work, and especially in Latin.

Eleanor Martin—Wise-cracks at the right moment and her Algebra done in a flash is a mere nothing to Eleanor.

Enid Pegler—She's all right all round, except perhaps one or two Algebra questions.

Isobel Nixon—Isobel really likes to work, because she knows how.

Daisy Ramsdin—To-morrow is just another day for Daisy. Then it'll be her turn for Latin and oh---

Kenneth Richardson—He's like Lynskey—runs away from us all day.

Jean Hall—Many rooms open off the "Hall" of Jean's mind. May they always be well occupied.

Ellen Reid—Ellen spends half her time with fourth, but we can usually tell when she's with us.

June Glassford—She keeps her counsel, and does her duty. She clings to her friends, and loveth beauty.

Dorothy Caufield—Of few words and many thoughts (?).

Ruth Dancey—Easy to skate with, jolly to talk with. And pleasant, too, to look upon.

Dorothy Ehnes—100% where it's possible is Dorothy's motto (even on skis, we've heard.)

Bud Hildebrand—Third period any morning. Finds Miss Rowland a-frowning. For up to the front of the class do creep Hildebrand's whispers, hoarse and deep.

Dudley Johnson—Dudley loves to fidget and play. Then he blushes, coughs, or hiccoughs all day.

Jack Ward—When Miss LaCarte wants the correct answer.

Harry Skelton—He's our walking dictionary. What would we do without him?

Aileen Penny—She may be small, but she can get the volley-ball over the net in great style.

Elva Whiteside—A newcomer to W. C. V. S. this year and she seems to belong in this form.

Joyce Shaw—I wonder what she finds so interesting on the ceiling, when the teachers ask her a question.

Douglas Seal—"Hasten slowly" seems to describe that characteristic walk of Doug's.

ELEANOR HENRY

IIIB FORM NEWS

Ross Barton—3B's little witty comedian. Hopes to become a "Jack Benny" of 1950.

David Beale—Alias, "squeak". His ambition is to become a philosopher.

Hanley Bennet—Better known as "Buck". Is said to be a rugby star but nobody has ever seen him play.

James Bilyk—Played rugby for 3B and was known as 3B's big boney backfielder.

Kenneth Burslem—, *Douglas Cameron*—, *Edgar Hollyer*—, *Wilbert Gowland*— Represent 3B ably in the orchestra.

Douglas Campbell—Likes to drive around in his brother's car, especially when his brother sports the gas.

Esmond Butler—What a physique — just like Tarzan.

John Ferguson—Was greatly missed in the field of sport this year, hope you will be back next year.

Bob Hylton—Hope you return soon, stronger and better than ever.

Bill Johnston—A salesman at heart, "where could you get a suit like that for "9.95"?

Kenneth McKay—Ably supports 3B's hockey team.

Ross MacNaughton—What would Mr. Brooks do without his little Scotch helper.

Monty McKague—His hollow head resonates his deep voice.

Stan McNeil—He is a farmer's son, but don't let that fool you.

Pete Marks—The form's athletic star. He is a second "Glen Cunning", also a rugby star.

Bob Vance—Alias "Gobbler" wants to be Marconi.

Leslie Mattin—A little man with big ideas.

Donald Morrow—Our all-round athlete. Small but mighty.

Norman Ridout—Our air-minded friend wants to fly the ocean in his own plane.

Keith Shaw—? ? ? Huh!

John Thompson—Physics is his best subject, so Miss Eadie thinks.

Harold Wardlaw—One of the long distance boys. He comes from Nashville.

Lloyd Weech—Last but . . . but you know!

Hazel Brown—A smart girl is Hazel and as regular as clock work.

Bernice Snider—Our good-natured athletic star has left us for greater work.

Anne Best—A quiet but exasperating young lady is Anne.

Claudia Ross—Claudia, who hails from Woodbridge, is Mr. Jeffrey's pride in algebra.

Isabel Brownlee—Another quiet member of 3B. Isabel is a star in French.

Marjorie Cameron—Having the lead in the school play will make Marj. a second Helen Hayes.

Vera Griffith—A champ elocutionist is our hard working Vera.

Marion McGrandle—A Winnipeg lass. Marion never lets us forget that she is from the West.

Mary Boake—Mary seems to be headed for a literary career, so I say.

Rhonda Powell—One of the few back-seaters of our noteworthy form.

Audrey Peacock—Our lady of the curls and dimples is always calm and unruffled.

Mary Moffat—A former pupil of the Lawrence Park C. I., is firmly settled in the W.C.V.S. routine.

Anita Burford—Anita, our athletic representative, is always full of vim and vigour.

Francis Pearson—Francis, together with Hazel and Isabel, should be called "these three".

MARY BOAKE

IIA FORM NEWS

Form news! form news! my brain's in a whirl,
How can I think of something about every girl.
In good old IIA the "best in the school",
For they always abide by the "Golden Rule",
There's Marion Ord, a flaxen-haired vixen,
And Margaret Curtis and Shirley Dixon.
Mary Brownlee and Shirley Cousins
Two proficiency prize winners, with brains by the dozen.

There are some out-of-towners who help us to sing
Doris Irwin and Jessie Browning;
Josephine Curtis and Beth Hawken
Try their best to keep from "talkin",
The teachers shake their heads at the din
For they know it's "IIA" that comes noisily in.

Lorna Fraser and Betty Irwin
Frances Agar and Dora Cameron.
These are four of our "bonnie lasses"
Who try (???) to attend most of the classes.
While Dana Duthie and Flossie Screen
Are two more who are very keen.

Jean Keating and Barbara Powell
Are never, never seen to scowl (???)
While Mildred Young and Ola Egan
Audrey Tilston and Kathleen Keown
Are seen at school 'most every day
For it's something to pass the time away.

Joanne MacIntosh and Jean Dick
Are always seen to be very quick
While Joan Eccles and Margaret Grose
Always try to be "on their toes".
And Betty Hastings and Mary Orr
Find this business of schooling an "awful" bore.

Helen Phillips and Gracie Norman
Reta Eckenswiller and Shirley Kingdon
Make a foursome of vivacious beauties
Who recognize "near 'half" their duties.

While Betty Lindsay, Audrey Rees
And Cherry Watts are last but not least.
For at the end of all I've got
You'll find the author Aileen Scott.

IIB FORM NEWS

Frank Martin, Don Moore, Wally Pidgeon, and *Ken Fortune*—represented 2B on the Junior rugby team. Heroes of many a gridiron battle against the foes of W. C. V. S.

Bob Roos, Fred Cousins, and *Elmer Canning* belong to that melodious organization—the School Orchestra.

John Armstrong—How to impress the fairer sex in six delicious lessons.

Jim "Red" Saye—pal of "killer diller" Armstrong. Need I say more.

Eddie Newman—A marksman of great renown with an elastic and a hunk of paper.

Johnny Watts—Our vest-pocket Hercules.

Dean Newton—Some really humorous remarks are heard in that stage-whisper of his.

James Burlison—Changed.

Eric Neale—Left us to take up his abode somewhere in U. S. A. Good luck Eric.

Fable—one day Moore came with his geometry done.

Bruce Train, Keith Wardlaw, Bruce McClure, Bill Shaw, and myself mush in from the great north woods every day to school. We either arrive early or never get there at all.

Don Shier—Can talk the ears off an Egyptian mummy.

Ivor Slater—The only boy in 2B who can make the French language sit up and beg.

Bob Huson—Athletic Rep. Sits behind me with a pin and a compass to make sure I see the point.

Bob Lawrence—President of the "50% or bust" club.

Alec Ledingham—A tinkering, talkative tot who has a radio tube for a heart.

Charlie Reid—"But sir, I have three other detentions to-night."

Junior Boddington—Can lick his weight in nitro-glycerine.

Grant Cross—"Shouldn't I get another mark here, sir?"

Jimmy MacDonald and Jack MacLeod—Two clever Caledonians who can be heard rolling their r's along the school-room floor.

Jerry O'Sullivan—A good Russian name, begorra!

Jack McClelland—Tall, dark and artistic.

Jack Skinner—The mighty mite in mathematics.

Bob Silman—Weakness—A Grand Canyon grin.

Jimmy Martin—He and cousin Frank help to keep up the good? reputation of our form.

Reg Canning—A dashing denizen of Denison Ave.

Mr. Brooks—Our form teacher, who has partially succeeded in reforming us.

Murray Savage—Still three jumps ahead of Mr. Brooks in that little matter of forgotten homework.

Paul Sears—A charming combination of brain and muscle. Is that worth a dime Paul?

Keith Cockburn—As a wrestler he makes a good doormat. Otherwise a nice fellow.

Don Worgan—Last but certainly not least—our Scarlett Rd. representative.

Our inter-form rugby team won about every game until the finals when V2A bashed them into oblivion. Poor dears, they tried so hard.

Au revoir

BERT IRWIN

IIC FORM NEWS

Ruth Bagnall—"Isn't Charlie funny?" says our little glamour girl.

Brownlee—He is the mental genius of IIC. of 2C.

Doug Byers—The little lad with a far away look in his eye.

Beatrice Butler—A charming girl is Miss Butler, Lily's sidekick.

Gerald Carey—Gerald is a very accurate pupil of the class and is never late for classes.

Bill Cornish—Bill comes to school in the big green car.

Leigh Cairns—If it wasn't for Miss Wright where would Cairns be?

Charles Cooper—"Chuck", the boy who keeps the weaker sex laughing.

Fred English—I could write a book about him, but it would take too long.

Jack Gale—Jack is a quiet, red-faced fellow in school but . . . !

Bob Hollingshead—He is a little fellow but a great sport. Bob travels from Woodbridge.

Lawrence LaRose—"Lawry" always agrees with the McAllister brothers.

Jack Lithgow—He enjoys himself no matter what period he is in.

Ray and Richard McAllister—There are two fine specimen of brotherhood who sure do get on Mr. Armstrong's nerves. Don't we all!

Andrew MacGregor—"Andy" is the chief humorist of our class. My, but he can make faces.

Ross McKelvey—Ross is one of our all-round athletes.

May Harrison—Our one and only representative from Emery. She is the lone "Latineer" of 2C.

Marjorie Langford—The little girl who likes to look pretty.

Don Poole—Don is our heavy athlete. He likes heavy play, but it is hard on our little fellows.

Kenneth Rowntree—Another of the McAllister gang; he generally joins them when his work is finished.

James Stevens—Jim is the form's athletic representative and in time to and from school is a taxi driver.

Joe Turnbull—"Almer". We see Joe very seldom and when he does come in is always late with a weak excuse, e.g., "No mud-guards".

Lily Vinham—Quite a young lady of our social group.

Margaret Wright—"Margie" and Cairns always have a joke between them. We do not have to wonder what it is.

Fred Wright—Our heavyweight farmer from Pine Grove.

Miss Carrie—Miss Carrie has to put up with a lot from our form and we thank her for it. She is a good sport.

MARGARET WRIGHT and FRED ENGLISH

IA FORM NEWS

Joyce Anderson—One of our farmer girls.
Mildred Ball—Little dark-eyed Susan.
Joyce Boylen—Tops in IA.
Elaine Case—Velly, velly cute.
Helen Castator—Always wears a smile.
Jean Clark—One of the quieter sort.
Barbara Cockburn—"Small Fry".
Evelyn Cornish—Excels in art.
Florence Davis—"Me, Myself and I".
Marian Davison—You've got something there.
Wilma Day—Especially fond of French.
Elizabeth Douglas—Always right.
Pearl Elphinstone—The girl who never forgets.
Margaret Galbraith—With a friendly disposition.
Norine Grainger—"You must have been a beautiful baby".
Isobel Hales—The strong arm of our volleyball team.
Marguerite Harrison—Just another country lass.
Wilda Huson—More hurry less speed.
Helen Jennett—Musical as well as smart.
Cora Julian—Is Girls' Athletic Representative.
Gay Laing—Captain of our volleyball team and a good one too.
Florence Lindsay—Pet excuse: "I must catch the bus".
Joan Livings—The Form Representative with a headache trying to think up something original.
Betty Maynard—Gentleman prefer "blondes from Woodbridge".
Muriel MacNaughton—"Keep that twinkle in your eye".
Lottie Munro—Another budding artist.
Mary McArthur—With a good sense of humour and plenty of wise-cracks.
Eleanor McKay—A "bright" headed girl who will be a good mathematician.
Mary McNeil—A lass frcm Vellore.
Helen Nelson—The honour graduate of Memorial School.
Mary O'Halloran—Another of the quieter type.
Kathleen Parrick—"I wonder what we have to-day".
Jean Phillips—Out to seek knowledge.
Marguerite Pidgeon—Says very little but does no harm.
Doris Ring—A cute little tot from Woodbridge.
Katherine Simpson—Specializes in line-o-cuts.
Katharine Stouffer—Book of Knowledge.
Audrey Walton—The "Jitterbug Type".
Helen Wilkes—One of the studious type.
Miss Govenlock—Our form teacher who derives great pleasure from teaching us art and geography. (I hope, I hope, I hope.)

JOAN LIVINGS

IB FORM NEWS

Steve Adamek—A silent boy who sits in the corner. Hobby: golf.

Bob Banting—The fellow who can't remember the centuries.

Bob Allatt—The lad who always is heard and not seen.

Keith Barker—Keith just got over an operation some time ago.

Bill Beach—The boy with the Andy Devine voice.

Jack Beardall—Usually deep in conversation with Bill Beach.

Alfred Boyd—The boy who likes to study. Ambition: To do about five hours homework.

Ken Brown—He usually is rather silent, except when out of school.

Tom Case—The boy who forgets history, especially treaties.

James Cole—Jim is the wise man of IB and always gets good marks.

Fred Davis—He and other lads go into a huddle during French and Math.

Stan Elphick—One of the boys who represents IB in the orchestra.

Joe Finegan—Joe has a weakness for spilling ink on the teacher's desk.

Stewart Hill—Hilly has a real talent for art work.

Jack Hildebrand—Johnny is great in sports, especially hockey.

George Jackson—He is sometimes late. He can't help it, it's the Ford's fault.

Gordon Michie—A great man in athletics who plays rugby excellently.

Bill Morley—Bill is small, but he shows up well in sports.

Ken Newton—Newt loves to fool in business practice—result: a detention.

Jim Harris—Jim has a tendency to leave books behind.

Edward Smith—Smitty is a member of the orchestra. He plays the violin.

Ken Mather, Bill Perkins, Dave Skelton, Bill Shorey, George Wallace, Norman MacDonald and Murray McDonald—Are rather silent members of the class (?).

Donald Warren—Usually seen discussing news with Gordon Woods.

Gordon Woods—The representative for IB for athletics.

Elwy Yost—The boy with all the algebra answers.

Walter Hall—Walt can usually be found at some sport or other.

Wesley Taylor—Wes has a real talent for carving and has made many fine models.

JACK MCCUTCHEON, Form Reporter.

IC FORM NEWS

Lloyd Attridge—The boy who seems to always have his mouth full of pudding when he talks.

Raye Burnfield—Raye for Burnfield! He comes from the country.

Norma Brown—Norma is quiet and shy, but good in her studies.

Elizabeth Boyle—Heartbreaker and charmer of all boys, hails from Woodbridge.

George Cameron—Is very dark and quiet with flashing black eyes. Good in his studies.

Muriel Cates—Dark-eyed and dimpled. "Kitty Cates" is popular with all the class.

Isabel Dillon—Quiet but lots of fun; always jumps forward when asked to stand.

Raymond Eberle—Is looked at twice by more than one girl in the class.

Albert French—The absent-minded pupil, always forgets to stand properly, but never to comb his hair.

Kathleen Grace—Champ at typing and fond of the mirror more or less.

Elaine Glassier—Come from miles away, so to speak, and afraid of hurting the volleyball in P.T.

Murray Ireland—Comes from Woodbridge, is short, dark, and plump, but full of pep and fun.

Alma Kerr—"The Lady of Shalott".
"And standing by her mirror true,
Her knights go riding two by two."

Dominica Lalla—Always laughing and joking, with plenty to say in and out of class.

Helen McGarry—Sweet and adorable Helen, full of fun and sport.

Betty Moffat—Fair-haired, blue-eyed Betty, never has much to say at all.

Gordon Mather—Saucy red-head; a pet to all the pupils, a headache to all the teachers.

Helen Massey—Quiet and good in all her subjects. Will be an artist some day.

Mary McGillivray—Lives near Woodbridge, and is writing this epistle, so have mercy.

Eugene Nash—Capt. of the boys' basketball team; always has a lot to say, which nobody can hear.

Glen Nix—Lets you know he's there, and is fond of the female race as far as we know.

Lawrence Parker—With a dark, curly pow which is the envy of all girls who see it.

James Pidgeon—Tall and handsome, has no resemblance whatsoever to a pigeon.

Ramsey William — Is Scotch through and through, and a pest to the Right Honourable Metcalfe.

Bruce Risebrough—Lives near Woodbridge, is always grinning at somebody, but a good sport.

Donald Shields—Don seems to have poor health, but always keeps up with his work.

Marion Snider—Is a champion giggler when with her cousin, Muriel. Is good in athletics.

Muriel Snider—Tiny golden-haired Muriel with her pleasant smile, keeps Marion in constant laughter.

Helen Silver—Is tiny but lively and well liked by all the class.

Marion Street—Giggles and laughs all the time with her bosom companion, Helen.

Eric Thrush—Is a great tease and fond of the girls. That curly, brown hair and freckles simply get him every place.

Beatrice Turner—Is our authoress and if you don't think we like her and are proud of her, well meet her.

Ivan Whiteside—Professor Whiteside someday. Very quiet, but a good sport.

John Wallace—Short, fat, good-natured and jolly, good in his studies, and liked by all.

Melvin Walters—A huge six-footer, likes adventure and excitement in his literature.

Adele Wardlaw—Has all the boys agog, is a good-natured sport who you can't help laugh at.

Jeanne White—Long and lanky Jeanne, is our class mathematician.

Ernest Young—Gentleman to all the girls in spite of his shortness of stature. Will be a scientist some day.

MARY MCGILLIVRAY

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL CLASS NEWS

DOROTHY BEARDALL—Of all our group, Dot's the quietest, especially when she had laryngytis. Ambition: To be a nurse.

BERTHA CARBERRY—Bertha has us all wondering. Why the hope chest, Bertha? Ambition: To be a 100% Business Correspondent.

JOSEPH DOBBS—Does he like the girls or do the girls like him? We wonder. Ambition: To be a good husband.

ENID FRETZ—Our glamour girl, as well as an accomplished artist and pianist. Ambition: To be a *good* private secretary.

AUDRIE IREDALE—Little Audrie laughed and laughed and laughed 'cause she knew she couldn't do economics. Ambition: To marry her boss.

WILLIAM PARIS—One of the brain workers of the class. Ambition: To take Sir Edward Beatty's place.

LOIS GASTRELL—Our wandering lassie. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. Ambition: That's what we'd like to know.

BERNICE PEDRICK—Rather quiet, but still waters run deep. Ambition: It's hard to say.

HELEN ROWNTREE—Our representative in the orchestra. "She plays fiddle to the Czar." Ambition: To skate like Sonja Henie.

JANET ROY, MAUD TRAVIS—When Maud and Janet get together, they talk of everything, but the weather. Ambitions: To ski the Alps while taking a forty-year world tour.

DOROTHY SMARDON — A conscientious worker who will go far, at least across the seven seas. Ambition: To be foreign secretary.

JOYCE SMART—Have you noticed the pick-up in Joyce's work since a certain theatre opened? Ambition: Butterfly hunting in Africa.

OSBORNE SMUCK—The little man with big ideas. Ambition: To be a manger in Loblaws.

HAZEL TAYLOR—Bright as a dime, but she's seldom on time. Ambition: To see the palm trees in Bermuda.

SHEILA THRUSH—Our representative on the Athletic Association. Ambition: To warble like the bird whose name she bears.

BERTHA WALLACE—Sensible, lovable, jolly and true, she always paddles her own canoe. Ambition: To excel in badminton.

WALTER WATSON—By the way, where is Watson? Ambition: Guess.

SHEILA THRUSH

C-IV FORM NEWS

Margaret Addy—Gone but not forgotten. Now a working girl. Ambition: To become an opera singer.

Gladys Baldwin—The girl with the peaches and cream complexion. Ambition: To obtain 100 words a minute in shorthand.

June Baldwin—Talk, talk, talk. I met the handsomest man last night. Ambition: None that we know of.

Beth Colhoun—Those laughing Irish eyes. Incidentally Beth is our Athletic Representative. Ambition: To become head girl at Loblaw's.

Ethel Cooper—Happy go lucky Ethel. I don't know what we would do without her. Ambition: To join the foreign legion.

Ellen Curtis—Would you believe that she is a Sunday School teacher. Ambition: To become a dancing teacher.

Kathleen Dalton—Quiet, bashful and a nice girl. Ambition: To be a Girl Guide captain.

Dorothy Foreman—We don't see very much of "Dot", as she is busy taking sewing several periods of the day. Ambition: To be a doctor's secretary.

Nancy Franklin—She's witty and she's wise, she's a marvel for her size. Ambition: To be an airplane stewardess.

Dorothy Hall—A good-looking, blue-eyed blonde. We wonder is she lazy? Ambition: To meet a saxophone player.

Mary Horton—At first sight you would think Mary quiet, but she really is a jolly girl. Ambition: To be a dress designer.

Alf Laidler—The only boy in C4 and he stands at the top of the class. Ambition: To travel.

Ilene Luckett—The girl who will not change her writing for anyone. Ambition: To stop arguing some day.

Doreen McIntyre—Our "Gone with the Wind" girl, you know—here to-day and gone tomorrow. Ambition: To be an interior decorator.

Doris Newbold—To worry, worry, worry, seems to be her chief aim. Ambition: To be a book reviewer.

Norberta O'Rourke—A late comer from Pine Grove who just couldn't stay away from school. Ambition: To be an artist.

Mary O'Sullivan—Just a bird in a gilded cage. Ambition: To become an organist like Kathleen Stokes.

Marie Penny—Does she like night life? Oh boy! Ambition: To be a private secretary.

Myra Tiffin—Say, when it comes to brains she's got 'em. Ambition: To be a travelling secretary.

Bernice Watts—Woodbridge's donation to C4. She's small, but cute. Ambition: To be a model.

Helen Williams—Our own sweet little song-bird. Ambition: To be a radio singer.

I would like to add that the joint ambition of everyone in CIV is to obtain a position.

MARIE PENNY

C-III FORM NEWS

We are very fortunate this year in having such a cheerful form teacher, and one who helps us all out of our difficulties—Miss Mulholland. We would like to thank her for her help and inspiration during the past months.

We all want to congratulate Jennie Holmes on her splendid show of sportsmanship at the field day this year. Jennie upheld CIII and the rest of the Commercial Department when she won the Senior Girls' Athletic Championship.

WHO CAN TELL US?

Vera Mason's big attraction in the Vocational Department.

Why Mary Thomson always lets the rest of the class down and does her homework.

If Alva Wheeler misses any of her last year's class mates.

What Joyce Franklin's got that gets us.

Why cliff Cook can't concentrate on his work for looking across the room.

If Edith Robbins is as quiet out of school as she is in.

Why Kay Murphy is in a daze the morning after.

Why Loretta Kavannaugh isn't the quiet little girl of last year.

How such a small girl as Jean Pacini gets such big ideas.

Why Stanley George always has to laugh at his own jokes.

What it is that draws Helen Mianowany to all the rugby and hockey games.

Why Jennie Holmes and Dorothy Harman are often seen hard at work in the typing room after the last bell has gone.

Why Marjorie Insley is so quiet this year. Do you miss your class interest of last year Marj?

Why Dick Worgan and Roy Mason are often heard going into fits of laughter.

Why Johnny Kleopfer is often seen holding up the bank.

If Bill Beare expects to be a future aircraft inventor.

Why Helen Redmond can't find time to work on Friday nights.

Why Doris Bean is often seen staring into space.

Why we can't find out anything about Leone Jones.

Why nobody seems to know anything about Don Stevens.

Why Betty Sainsbury, Winnie Reed, and Winnie Allen always seem to have a guilty look in their eyes.

SCANDAL

Marjorie Hildebrand finds that her homework is interfering with her pleasure, so she's decided to give up homework.

Margaret Haxton says she likes her new job as secretary to the advertising manager of the school magazine. Are you sure it's the job Marg?

Dorothy Phillips is a "number please" girl now, in the Bell Telephone.

KATHLEEN MURPHY

C-IIA FORM NEWS

Mary Rowntree
Mary's seat is at the front
For her you never have to hunt.

Mary Petrosky
Mary always tops the class
She is always sure to pass.

Beatrice Hilton
Beatrice sure is quite a wit
With the class she makes a hit.

Gladys Batulis
Gladys, your name is hard to rhyme,
I'll try it again some other time.

Jessie Cameron
Modesty forbids me to say very much,
In case with the students I get in Dutch.

Margaret Cameron
In reading Shorthand she has speed.
Which keeps her always in the lead.

Irene Dechert
Irene loves to cut and sew,
As her dresses always show.

Marguerite Eccles
As a singer Marguerite,
Around the school is hard to beat.

Margaret Black
Marg and Bette are friends sincere,

Betty Palla
We hope it continues for many a year.

Audrey Foulkes
Audrey is a little shy,
But get her riled, the sparks will fly.

Frank Somosky
This fellow has nothing on William Tell,
He shoots until he hears the bell.

William Livings
Billy always makes us glad,
When he plays upon his Strad".

Howard Dixon
Howard in his corner thinks,
He'll get away with forty winks.

Miss Chisholm
Our form teacher, one of the best,
Has to put up with, like the rest.

Jessie Frost
Jessie out the window gazes,
Trouble with Miss Chisholm raises.

Rose Pazuik
Rose must study every night,
Because at school she's very bright.

Ruth Mattison
Ruth is very quiet in class,
We all think she's a nice wee lass.

Ella Rushworth
Ella's very bright and neat,
As nice a girl as you could meet.

Dorothy Taylor
From Thistletown this smart girl comes,
Her name is Dot to all her chums.

Betty Sackett
Little Betty, don't you know,
Has some attraction at Mimico.

Marion Judge
Marion Judge has personality,
And is full of originality.

Joan Boot
As a typist she is fine,
And as a stenographer she will shine.

Teresa Manchurak
Teresa is a first-class sport,
And a genuine good sort.

Ilse Lubbers
Here's a girl who's wise and prudent,
For she rates high as a student.

Joan Edrupt
A designer is what Joan will be,
And a good one, you shall see.

JESSIE CAMERON

C-IIB FORM NEWS

By RAY MORROW

Una Boylen—"I wonder who will be the boss when Una gets married."

Peggy Brooks—Peggy always has an answer, no matter what the question.

Jean Brown—"You must have been a beautiful baby."

Dorothy Greenwood—Our champ athlete.

Martha White—"I don't get it."

Ann Loose—Our budding elocutionist; good things come in small packages.

Eileen Wyeth—"Silence is golden"—Eileen is a veritable gold mine.

Hazel Davies—"Will you please sign my autograph book?"

Betty Dugan—Betty's charming drawl makes the boys' hearts flutter.

Violet Gardhouse—"What have I got that gets me?"

Muriel Holdsworth—"Life is real; life is earnest."

Elsie Woodend—"Jeepers, creepers!" Where did you get those big brown eyes?

Joyce Morrow—"And one was a saucy little red-head."

Reta Mather—Reta's giggles break out at the oddest moments.

Marian McMillan—Marian very seldom speaks—when the teacher asks her a question.

Jean Forsey—Jean never speaks unless she has something to say.

Miriam Mousely—"I know, teacher."

Jean La Rose—Jean is seen but not heard.

Jeanne Calder—"Tall, dark, and handsome."

Jenny Tokarski—"Please teacher, will you give us the homework now."

George Inch—"Give him an inch and he'll take a mile."

Norman Gunn—"There's a devil in your eye."

Anthony Lamont—"What is this strange power I have over women."

Art Ross—"It looks like bad weather—no school to-day."

Harry Worthington—"Anything for a laugh." Who is the inspiration of Harry's poems? (And those awful jokes?)

CI FORM NEWS

By PEGGY MCFARLANE

Jack Ashbee—
At home he shovels coal
At hockey he minds the goal.

Madeline Baker—
She's blonde and blue-eyed
And her hair isn't dyed.

George Baldwin—
He is a very funny guy
When he's away the teachers don't cry.

Justin Barry—
Absent every other day
That is Justin Barry's way.

Harvey Bell—
Harvey's hair is very bright
With his freckles, he's quite a sight.

Norma Boylen—
She is so very, very, small
We wonder if she'll ever grow tall.

Lillian Brookes—
She's one of our mathematical girls.
Because she learned to count on her curls.

Charlotte Bushell—
Her eyes and hair are a golden brown
Her lashes long and always cast down.

Margaret Chard—
She usually wears blue
And her age is seven times two.

Helen Ercolini—
She likes to play the ukelele
And wants to sing when she's a lady.

Elizabeth Forsha—
She has gone from us to Runnymede
Where we hope she will succeed.

Dorothy Fox—
Dot's one ambition—the name of my rhyme
Is to be a singer sweet, some time.

Agnes Griska—
Agnes is one of our giggling girls
Perhaps she giggles about her curls.

Doris Hook—
She is plump and rosy and full of pep
But for promptness she hasn't a very rep.

Violet Jamieson—
She's tall and thin
In typing she's a yin.

Ethel Kaiser—
She has a rather cheery look
And always has her nose in a book.

Faith Kloepfer—
She has a voice like a bird
She's the sweetest ever heard.

Doris Lawrence—
Although she's plump, she's quite a rover
And camps in the summer at Port Dover.

Margaret McFarlane—
Her teeth are white, her hair is red
And no one knows when she goes to bed.

Peggy McFarlane—
Little, and always ready to laugh
She is on the Conning Tower staff.

Marie MacKellar—
She has such good sight
She can study in the broad moonlight,
(Ahem!)

Evelyn Moody—
She is tall and somewhat thin
In appearance she's as neat as a pin.

Agnes Nekechuk—
She always tries to do her best
Which cannot be said of all the rest.

Rhoda Parsons—
She's a sweet and thoughtful child
But when at home she runs just wild.

Jean Perks—
She really is a very nice girl
Even if her hair won't curl.

Vera Reed—
Her hair is very blonde and curly
'Cause she goes to bed so early.

Margaret Temple—
She's fairly tall, not fat at all
But a whiz at playing volleyball.

Patricia Tingley—
When she's absent we hardly miss her
Because she always talks in a whisper.

Fern Turner—
She isn't fat, she's rather thin
But in our sports she's sure to win.

Phyliss Warren—
Phyliss is often almost late
Because she goes out on a date.

Elsie Wegg—
Our Elsie is a merry lass
Who'll be sure to stand at the head of the class.

Doris Weir—
She is attractive and very tall
Head and shoulders above us all.

Helen Weir—
She's tall and lean
And always wears green.

Donald Willitts—
His hair—the subject of my poem
Has very seldom seen a comb.

Doris Wood—
She's little, but she's wise
She's a terror for her size.

Jean Wyllie—
Short, and stout, she loves to chat
And rides a bike with the tires flat.

HIII FORM NEWS

FLASH—Miss Coburn says she would rather scrub floors than put up with H III.

When Marjorie Thorne serves in the cafeteria a certain gentleman buys something every day. Marjorie should serve more often, and business would pick up.

Kay Wilks bet her mother two bits that she would stand better than tenth. There were eight in the class. Kay stood—ask her—but anyway Kay is now twenty-five cents wealthier.

Mary Watson discovered in cooking the other day that the maple cream she was making had turned to taffy. Mary spent the rest of the day pulling it. Mary informed me that by the time she reached home the candy was again maple cream. Ho Hum!

Helen Tomlin—It takes Helen to brighten up the periods with a little playfulness on her part. Ask her teachers if you don't believe me.

Give Gwen Giles a book and she will be satisfied to let the rest of the world go by. Some of her latest books are "The Sheik", "The Son of the Sheik", etc., etc.

Stella Holowka is our song bird of the south. You should hear her swing out with "Umbrella Man".

Three Smart Girls are Peggy Warrens, Phyllis Jones and Arthena Mercer. They specialize in sewing. Perhaps you have noticed some of their work for some of our teachers.

This is H III's reporter signing off.

THELMA GOTTSCHALK

HII FORM NEWS

We call ourselves the "Sweet Sixteen" although very few of us are sixteen. Everyone will want to get acquainted with us so here is a few outstanding points about each one.

Kay Andrassy—Our tallest girl, and by the way her real name is Marianne.

Clara Crabtree—Her heartthrob is Bing Crosbie.

June Crang—The jitterbug of the class. She says music just entrances her.

Jean Conway—The class pest, but she also can be good when she wants to be.

Bernice Evans—Our champion G. G. (try and guess).

Sophie Malaniuk—The girl with the artistic imagination—or has she lost it we wonder.

Anne Holekue—Our wisecracker also our artist.

Annie Huminiuck—Whose nickname is "Abijah Gooch". Her eyes simply dance when she laughs.

Reta Jemmet—Nickname "Hanibal Hoops". She is very quiet in school but out! Ohhh!

Norma Park—The girl of very few words.

Janet Ross—Our wee little girl. She loves sifting flour.

Katy Rosen—Her hearty laugh makes everybody laugh.

Barbara Shuttleworth—She just loves Nelson Eddy.

Olga Skorup—Loves going to the show every Monday night. (We wonder why Olga?)

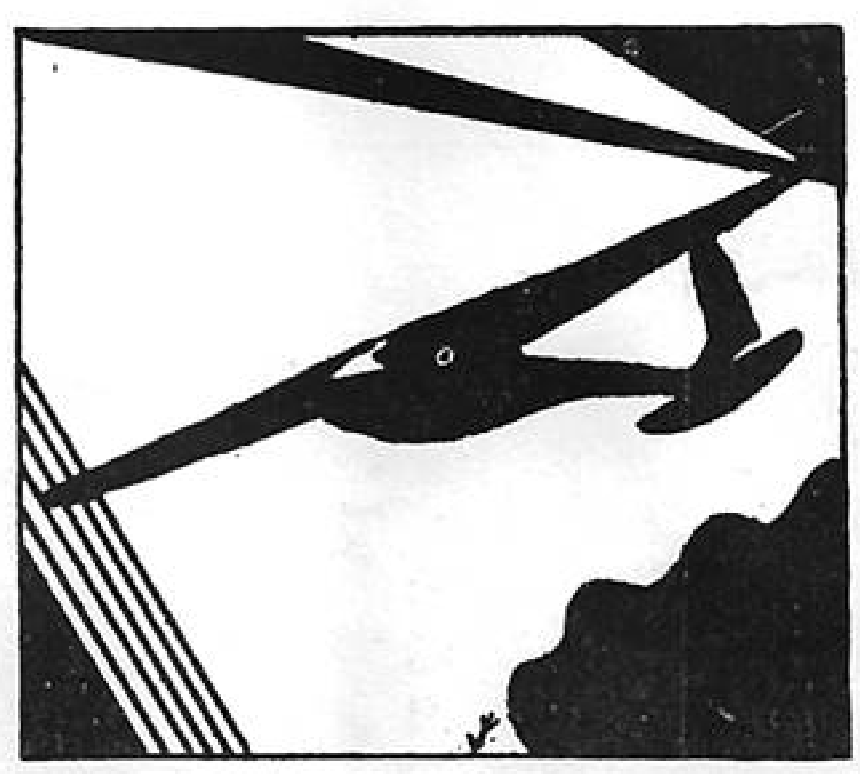
Marjorie Steet—The girl from Africa but she is very much Canadian in her ways (especially some ways).

Peggy Sutton—The form reporter signing off.

V-IIA FORM NEWS

This year, in the fall sports events, the first prize in the second form relay races was captured by the V-2A team consisting of Captain I. Frances, B. Cannell, T. Kesteven and I. Evans.

V-2A scored again! First place in the interform rugby was captured by them in a sensational burst of triumph. If it had not been for early snow storms, V-2A would have had a chance for the Junior School Championship.



HI FORM NEWS

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Weakness	Probable Fate
Allen Dorothy	"Allen"	Neat	Can't tell	Gold digger
Bandurka Annie	"Brown Eyes"	Short and dark	Boy friends	Dress designer
Bogie Ina	"Fatty"	Like Mr. Bumble	Eskimo pies	Dish washer
Brown Pearl	"Bunnie"	Buster Brown	Winking	Sleeper
Brownlie Dorothy	"Dot"	Small	Meat pies	Cook
Burton Audrey	"Burt"	Fly Away	Stunts	Clown in circus
Carr Phyllis	"Irish"	Amazing	Falling ? ? ?	Sales girl
Collins Verona	"Freckles"	"petite"	Gib	Single bliss
Corvari Lena	"Len"	Chubby	Talking	Hairdresser
Curtis Florence	"Flo"	Brown-eyed	Carrying the attendance board	Nurse
Gross Marjorie	"Duck"	Dreamy	Shouting	Poetess
Enright Irene	"Renee"	Sparkling eyes	Silence	We wonder
Frewing Berenice	"Bernie"	Flat-foot-floogie	Boys, boys, boys	Farmerette
Gee Olive	"Olly"	Smart	Bob Johnson	Marriage
Giles Violet	"Gilesy"	Always smiling	Looking wise	Teacher
Hedlow Doris	"Dor"	Skinny	Talking to boys	?
Hatton Edith	"Lanky"	Longish	Short boys	Stunt woman in circus
Halischuk Annie	"Chucky"	Just right	Hitch hiking	Figure skater
Hodge Margaret	"Maggie"	Not so hot	Noise	Jiggs
Knapp Verna	"Shorty"	Blue-eyed	Books	Singer
Laidler Catherine	"Rusty"	Freckled	Running	Acrobatic dancer
Lintner Annie	"Dimples"	Fair, curly hair	Her note books	History teacher
Nichols Kathleen	"Baby"	Neat	99½%	A concert pianist
Pilcher Edna	"Eddie"	Cute	Pork and beans	Home maker
Pollard Elsie	"Red"	Mottled	Never speaking	Fortune teller
Ruddock Grace	"Chic"	Short and dark	Eating	Thin lady in circus
Stercz Helen	"Squirt"	We won't say	Speed	Jitterbug
Stercz Stella	"Stell"	Leggy	Sarcasm	Model
Taber Geraldine	"Jerry"	It'll pass	Miss Uren	Cartoonist
Tokarski Mary	"I won't tell"	So, so	Mathematics	Dressmaker
Tucker Marjorie	"Peanuts"	Dark and chubby	Roller skating	Manicurist
Walton Gladys	"Watty"	Blonde	A boy	Marriage
Wilkes Gladys	"Babes"	Chic	Eyeing	Waitress

LOOSE NUTS THAT STILL RATTLE IN V-IV

NOTES:

As you may have guessed, we have the Auto Shop as our form room, and Mr. Templeton for our form master.

Mr. Templeton replaced Mr. Danby as auto mechanics instructor this fall, and is settling down to the grind after rearranging his shop. Mr. Templeton is a swell fellow but his one mistake was taking the responsibility of the yellow steering wheel on Morris's car.

Here follows the names of the loose nuts and why they rattle.

Lorne Brown—Lorne is built low and wide, and to look at him, one would think he is a lumberjack. In fact he does come from the north district—of Toronto.

Jack Cook—We wonder how many hours Cook would survive if he made his living by his inventions.

Bill Cormack—Short, blonde and ! ! ! Bill is the ideal mechanic in his monkey suit.

George Debling—"Tiny" still has a chance to make a name for himself—look at the Seven Dwarfs.

Norm Farr—Norm is an electrical genius during the majority of his time spent away from school.

Bob Jemmett—Yours truly! The less said the better. *Keerect!*

Gwynn Johnston—Gwynn doesn't talk much. He either doesn't want to, or he doesn't get the chance to.

Harry Jones—Harry used to attend Mimico High School. Are the girls at Mimico prettier than those at Weston, Harry?

Pete Kryskow—Pete is another auto mechanic of the form. We often wonder what Pete would do without Tom and vice versa. Why does Pete always look out of the window at noon?

Bud Mageelan—Bud comes from Mimico. His interests are the same as Jones'.

Continued on page 73.

STUDENTS OF FORM V-III

Fred Bayley—Our Robert Taylor.

Bill Beddow—Our strong man?

James Bradford—Our cartoonist.

Ross Brown—The lad who "whistles while he waits!"

Douglas Crocker—The roll-call musser-upper.

Norman Ellis—A sheet metal specialist. (No wonder Mr. Hallet left us.)

Donald Farnden—Another lad with a big mouth.

Allan Feather—Sleepy.

Earl Fry—Our farmer.

Bill Glanville—Resolved not to be late this year.

Tom Downey—Our Romeo.

Harold Gould—A quiet little boy.

Wilson Greenwood—(Prof.) Our master tradesman.

William Gribben—The answer to every girl's dreams. (He's 5'1".)

Ted Hamp—Our muscle-man.

Eric Jackson—Always asking foolish questions.

John Kurchak—Our auto grease-ball.

Sidney Ludlow—Jeepers creepers where did he get those peepers?

David Miller—The treasurer of the Athletic Association. (No wonder he has money to spend.)

Earnest Marnock—Blondie. (Look him over girls.)

George Moulton—One of the short circuits from the electric shop.

Cliff Newbigging—Why do all the girls fall for him?

Jack Passfield—Our starry quarterback.

John Reeves—Our singing ace.

John Romanuk—Curly.

Joe Ronald—Sees all, hears all, knows . . ??

Earnest Shepard—Always smiling.

George Shibley—He's the silent type.

Eric Smith—Always does what he's told.

James Sturges—Our mouth piece.

Stanley Taber—Once drank some sulphuric acid.

Peter Tanaskow—The guy with the windows.

Elwood Tomlinson—Has the brains but is never here to use them.

Wes Whittiker—Buy a Ford . . ???

Bill Wise—The Woodbridge hayseed.

Harry Wood—Haven't the termites got him yet?

Bob Winder—Who wound him up?

Bob Boutlon—Our rosy-cheeked lad.

BRUCE BETTS, Representative

V-IIB FORM NEWS

Fred Lucarelli—Dreaming of girls back home . . Audrey?

Charles Millar—Companion of "Cupid".

Bill Taylor—Otherwise known as "Cupid".

Fred Robson—Sort of quiet!!!

Doug. Ludlow—Romeo!!!

Doug. Tippin—Quiet but smart.

Victor McLeod—Lone wolf of the class.

Jim Warren—With the frog in his throat.

"Doc" Watson—Half asleep all the time.

Harold Snider—Otherwise known as farmer.

Tom Quinlan—Always talking.

Bill Rennox—Drafting star.

Bert Lapham—Sits and looks out the window.

Ray Lipscombe—Who's Math. can I borrow.

Chester Zaborowski—The mad Russian.

Jim Sibthorpe—Always borrowing ink.

Grant Rombough—Budding romance spoiled by Mr. Scott.

Norm McIntyre—The old Scotchman.

Tom Walker—Companion of the mad Russian.

Almonda Scale—V-2B mascot. Pet of Mr. Goddard.

Walter Marks—Loud mouth.

Doug. Rhodes—Always fighting with Marks.

George Wilkins—Brother of J. Wellington.

Doug. Adam—Dopey.

Ben Wegg—The thin man.

Bill Stevens—Never know what's going to break.

Don Robertson—Hick from the North.

Gord. Ward—Always borrowing something.

James Masson—What does he do?

James Wilkins—Known as J. Wellington.

Allan Smales—Did you see his ears on the cold morning?

Mario Tarquinio—Always has his homework done.

Willie Warwick—Best in the class.

Henry Elms—Tall, dark . . . ???

Bill Washburn—Sun tanned through a screen door.

Gord. Mainland—Here today gone tomorrow.

Denny Minor—Soldering wizard?

Murray Moulton—Supplies everyone with ink.

Albert Thomas—Never know he's here.

Herb Willis and Don Munro—Midgets of the class.

Jim Mallindine—Machine shop wizard.

Stan Rycroft—Reads too fast?

Earl Rider—Smart, but he knows it.

Ralph Lloyd—A swell fellow.

Charles Wacey—Bad boy of the class?

D. MINOR and J. MCPHEE

V-IC FORM NEWS

George Seabrook—"Seabiscuit".

Ernie Ring—And his little voice.

Bill Mallendine—He's quite, quiet.

Robert McWatt—The timid soul.
Eddie Moorey—Our form goaler.
Harold Philips—By Philips.
Adam Medon—With his lovely note-books.
Earl McFarland—Scots Wae Hae.
James McArily—And his size "8" shoes.
Robert McLean—Hoots Mon!
Wilbert Tayles—Who chews candy continually.
Jack Offredi—Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Donald Nunn and his floppy hair.
Henry Neek—The professor.
Norm McLeod—Longfellow.
Roland Moss—Big Moss.
Wilbert Pringle—Tubby.
Bill Miller—The shy little fellow.
Tom Pellow—Here again.
George Martin—Joe E. Brown.
George Parker—Bunny.
Art Pilcher—Little guy.
Bill Lockhart—Question box.
Charles Dowell—Not the musician?
Alen Menzies—Just a guy.
Jim McLaughlan—Our basketball fiend.
Eddie McNeely—The ear wiggler.
Fred Pridmore—"Wanna fight."
Albert Putsey—Anything to oblige.
Philip Mongoff—Our Swansea friend.
John Lindsay—The Brilliantine user.
Dave McIntyre—The cartoonist.
Alfred Moss—Wee Moss.
Dave Philips—Little Philips.
Bob Stubbins—"Stubby".
Ray Nothrop—And his long strides.
Don Maynard—Who is always in trouble.
John Davenport—The keeper of the Pidgeons.
Ron Staley—The absentee.
Jack McCulcheon—"Red".
Harold Pinkney—Arrived January 10, 1939.
Robert Linton—Last but not least.

TOM NADEN, Representative

LOOSE NUTS THAT STILL RATTLE IN V-IV

Continued from page 71.

Al Norris—Al, an auto mechanic, is nearly lost without Perry. Proof that Norris is really lost is the mad colour scheme of his car.

Elmer Pace—(Not Blurt) Elmer is one of the out-of-town boys, his home being in Tottenham. Although you might call him a hick, he is a really swell guy.

Bob Rowland—Nothing seems to worry Bob, as he is always laughing. I guess that is why he is so popular with the girls.

Stew Rowntree—The electrical world is still waiting for a direct current generator with no commutator. Here's your chance, Stew.

Vern Shaw—Vern is our representative in the orchestra, where he plays a mean guitar, and the Glee Club where he sings a hot bass. Vern is the form's jitterbug, having learned most of his steps from Barnett. Weakness—Width.

Earl Stanfield—Earl is an expert gymnast, machinist, and mail shuffler. Earl is another jitterbug who can really cut a rug when he gets in the groove. (Please don't ask for an explanation. I'm no sewing fan.)

Tom Whittaker—Tom is an auto mechanic and brother of the famous Kitchener Whittaker, the prize winner. Tom himself is only last on the list when it is in alphabetical order.

The Staff of the Magazine . . .

Wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those pupils who aided in the advertising and literary work connected with this publication. The co-operation of the teachers has also been greatly appreciated. This magazine belongs to the pupils and teachers of the School, through whose efforts it has been prepared.



COLLEGIATE CRACKS

JIM BRADFORD V3

In the recent Upper School poll of favourite radio programmes, Dick Tracy, Orphan Annie and Uncle Bob's Safety Club, among others, received 3, 2 and 1 votes respectively. Now we know why certain members of the class always hurry straight home from school.

○ ○ ○

A First Former is one who thinks another First Former is "showing off" if he uses good English.

○ ○ ○

Mr. Whiting—If I make a mistake in this little experiment we'll all be blown sky high. Now come a little closer boys, so you can follow me.

○ ○ ○

On the Trip to Germany

Miss Smith—"I'm quite literary on this trip. I've contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*."

Kai—So what? I've been contributing to the Atlantic daily.

○ ○ ○

No Names—But Overheard at the School Dance!

He—"May I have the last dance with you?"

She—"You just had it!"

○ ○ ○

Betty B.—"Do you do invisible mending?"

Saleslady—"Yes, madam."

Betty B.—"May I see some, please?"

○ ○ ○

Mr. Jeffrey—"If I take $a^2-2ab+b^2$ from $4a^2-4ab+b^2$, what difference does it make?"

Pat Burns—"That's what I say. Who cares?"

○ ○ ○

"Yessah," said the coloured boy, "I'se named fo' my parents. Pappy's name is Ferdinand and mammy's name is Liza."

"What then is your name?"

"Ferdiliza."

Streamlined History

Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth re, "cloak over puddle" incident—"Step on it, Babe."

○ ○ ○

Mr. MacMurray—"Now you shouldn't say, 'I ain't going'. You should say, 'I am not going; he is not going; we are not going; they are not going'."

Martin—"Ain't nobody going, then?"

○ ○ ○

We hear that Helen Jeffrey stalled her engine at a red light. The traffic signal changed from red to green, from green to red and back to green. A policeman strolled up.

"What's the matter, Miss?" he enquired, "Ain't we got the colours you like?"

○ ○ ○

Last summer Ken Wood and Maurice Bent were out sailing. The boat upset and left the two floundering about in the lake. Ken struck out manfully for shore and after a strenuous struggle reached shore and pulled himself up on the beach, quite exhausted. A minute later he was running back into the lake.

"What are you going to do?" asked a bystander.

"I saved myself," said Ken heroically, "and now I'm going out to save Maurice!"

○ ○ ○

Hr. Leuty—"There are two words I wish you wouldn't use. One is 'swell' and the other is 'lousy'."

Pete—"Yes sir, what are the words?"

○ ○ ○

Many students are like Sanka Coffee—98% of the active ingredients have been removed from the bean. Statisticians estimate that 98% of college athletes are suffering from "athlete's head".

And speaking of unemployment—the average student has 125,000,000 brain cells.

o o o

Overheard in IA's Cooking Class

"That coffee you just made looks like tea."
"That's a fine thing to say about my cocoa."

o o o

There is one who holds a permanent position in third form Latin; on his exam paper the following was noticed:

Principle parts of verb—Slippeo, slipere, fulli, bumpstum.

Mr. Christie's footnote—Falio, failere, flunto, suspendum.

o o o

The friend was aroused from a deep sleep the other day to give the principle parts of "fido".

"Fido, fidere, doggi, scratchum."

o o o

Mr. Whiting—"Name a liquid that won't freeze."

May—"Hot water."

o o o

Beryl—"That girl boasts that she's been kissed by every boy in this room, except one."

Bruce (absently)—"I wonder who he can be?"

o o o

Miss Wattie—"Where was Abraham Lincoln born?"

Pat (brightly)—"Abraham Lincoln was born in a little log cabin which he helped his father build."

o o o

Mr. Anderson—"Tomorrow we will take the life of Alexander. Come prepared."

o o o

We didn't think much of Macbeth until that great scene where he cried, "Bring me no more reports. I'll have none of them".

o o o

Bill Hill—"Well we've got to find something to entertain the people at the next Language Club meeting. Let's think."

Miss Smith—"Oh, no. Let's do something that you can do, too."

Mac the Drummer—"I'm the fastest boy in this school.

Fred the Violinist—"How's that?"

M. the D.—"Well, time flies, and I beat time don't I?"

o o o

Mr. Worden—"Did you shave this week, Mack?"

Mack—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Worden—"Well, the next time stand a bit nearer your razor."

o o o

Mr. Brooks—"I've got an impression in my head; now can anyone tell me what an impression is?"

Ledingham—"Yes sir, it's a dent in a soft place."

o o o

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars winds briskly o'er the lea
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way
And leaves the world, quite unexpectedly.

o o o

The most amazing thing to Weston Collegiate's envoys to Germany last summer, was the glib way in which even the younger children spoke the language!

o o o

Mr. Scott—"Now straighten up there—don't be half a man."

"Herb" in P.T.—"I can't help it, sir. It's my ancestors' fault. Half of them were men and the other half were women."

o o o

Visitor—"So your son is still at Varsity. What's he going to be when he finishes?"

Father—"A very old man!"

o o o

We are told that excitement flushed Jack Hill's face a number of years ago as he pointed his fork at a wriggly little worm in his salad.

"Oh mother—I see a vitamin!"

o o o

The student wrestled manfully with his steak. After digging at it a dozen times with his knife and fork he took it back to the cafeteria.

"Here," he growled, "take this steak back."

"I can't do that! You bent it!"

"What does 'college bred' mean, Dad?"

"A four years' loaf, son."

○ ○ ○

Miss Smith—"Late again! How far is it from your house to the school?"

Cairns—"It's about a seven minute's walk, if I run!"

○ ○ ○

The absent-minded teacher—"Waiter! Half-an-hour ago I ordered a steak. Have you forgotten it? . . Have I had it? . . Or didn't I order it?"

○ ○ ○

Mr. Armstrong—"Why haven't you got your homework done?"

MacGregor—"Well, I was so busy chasing around all week-end trying to get out of work, I didn't have time."

○ ○ ○

Jack—"While we're sitting in the moonlight I'd like to ask you . . ."

Joyce—"Yes, dear?"

Jack—"If you wouldn't move over; I'm sitting on a nail."

○ ○ ○

Miss Carrie—"What is a skeleton?"

First Former—"A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off."

○ ○ ○

Proctor—"I'm glad I wasn't born in Germany.

Duff—"Why?"

Proctor—"'Cause I don't know the language."

○ ○ ○

Nit—"What does a billiard ball do when it stops rolling?"

Wit—"Looks 'round!"

○ ○ ○

Miss Wattie—"What is the difference between a king and a president?"

Younger half of the present Watts Plague—"Well, a king is the son of his father and a president isn't."

○ ○ ○

Mr. Mitchell—"Careful there! Don't you know that wire might electrocute you?"

Bob Paine—"Oh, it's all right sir. I felt it kinda carefully before I took a hold of it."

The gang was slowly unreeling the electric cable from its huge drum in the middle of the street, and the traffic was a good deal congested in consequence.

"Why," asked Mr. Worden bitterly, "can't you take your Yo-Yo into a side street and play there?"

○ ○ ○

Captain—"All hands on deck! The ship's leaking!"

Voice from forecastle—"Aw put a pan under it and go back to bed!"

○ ○ ○

Miss Govenlock—"What are prairies?"

First Former—"The prairies are vast plains covered with treeless forests."

○ ○ ○

Dit—"What happened in 1773?"

Ditto—"The war of 1812."

○ ○ ○

The question on the Lower School paper was, "Define and discuss baldness".

A bald man is one who gets a haircut with a hole in it.

A bald man is one who has a long face.

A bald man is still growing and the top of his head is coming through his hair.

A bald man saves time in brushing his hair, but makes up for it in washing more face.

○ ○ ○

After much extensive research, we finally discovered why certain Upper School members never become worried about their marks — or rather lack of marks. It was observed that on numerous occasions they sat down to think the matter over—but just naturally went to sleep.

○ ○ ○

Don Beardall (breezing into the library)—"I want the life of Caesar."

Mr. Anderson—"I'm sorry, but Brutus took it."

○ ○ ○

Mr. MacMurray—"Give me a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it."

Booth—"Johnny Sartell stopped shaving and grew some whiskers."

Miss Carrie—"When do leaves begin to turn?"

Bushell—"The night before the exam."

° ° °

Mr. Whiting—"Name a great time saver?"

Taylor—"Love at first sight."

° ° °

Mr. Armstrong—"Why were you away?"

Snyder—"I had a cold or something in my head."

Mr. Armstrong—"A cold undoubtedly."

° ° °

Mr. Whiting—"What is the greatest change that takes place when water turns to ice?"

Augustine—"The change in price, sir."

° ° °

Mr. Armstrong—"You have a good head for geometry."

Dunster—"Why?"

Mr. Armstrong—"It's both plain and solid."

° ° °

Miss La Carte—"Why don't you answer?"

Tyler—"I did. I shook my head."

Miss La Carte—"You didn't expect me to hear it rattling way up here did you?"

° ° °

Jack—"There goes a fellow who takes the worst views of everything."

Maurice—"Is he a pessimist?"

Jack—"No, he is an amateur photographer."

Harvey—"That driver ahead of me must be Miss Smith."

Jim—"Why?"

Harvey—"She seems reluctant to let me pass!"

° ° °

Mr. MacMurray (running up to an injured player)—"Are you double-jointed?"

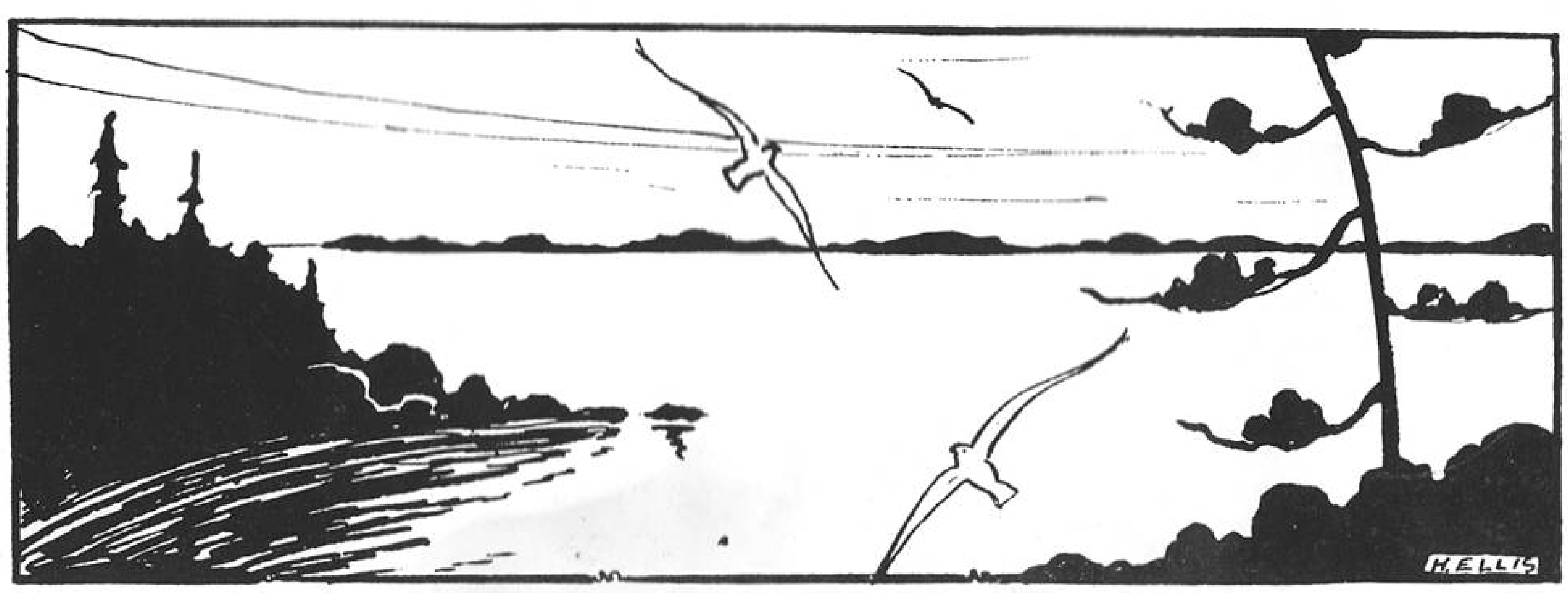
Eddie—"No!"

Mr. MacMurray—"Then your arm is broken!"

° ° °

Unfortunately, Mr. Wood couldn't see the point of that last one. He hunted up Mr. Cairns. The latter endeavoured to elucidate to the former, but the former was obdurate and maintained that the latter must be slipping to see anything funny in that. The latter, exasperated at the former's denseness, said that the former didn't have the intelligence to appreciate a good joke if he saw one. The former said that throughout the supposed Humour Section, he didn't see any jokes to appreciate. Harsh words passed from the latter to the former and vice versa, that is, from the former to the latter. Then the former—or was it the latter—stated that he was finished. The latter—no, it was the former—or was it—not to be outdone, said that he was finished also. When they had both finished they decided to leave the troublesome remark in the magazine and let the readers be the judge. We have endeavoured to make it clear to our readers just how the last remark got into print, that the responsibility might be placed where it belongs. All mail addressed to either gentlemen, must be stamped and censored and no ticking packages will be accepted.

BILL CAIRNS, *Editor, Collegiate Cracks*



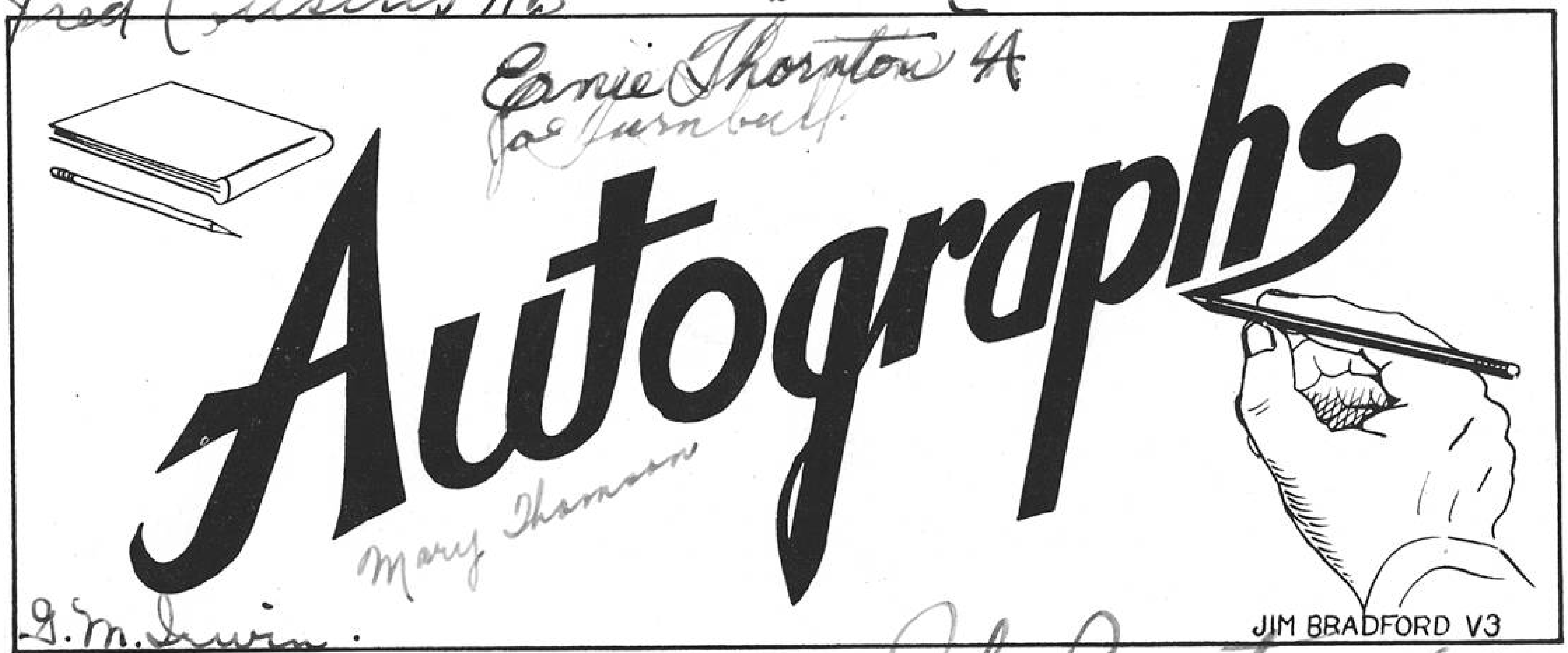
Margaret Haig. Doris Irwin

V. J. Eadie.

Fred Cousins IIB

Don Moore

Gracie Norman



Ernie Thornton 4A

Joe Turnbull

Mary Thomson

G. M. Irwin.

"Gracie"

Mich

Wally Pidgeon.

Alec Ledingham 2A

Alva Wheeler C III

Audrey Gilston.

Frank Martin

Doug Cameron

Pete Duthie 4A

Dorothy Dovey

Lorne Cousins

Marg Wright

Boddington

Grant Crosse 3B

Frances Egan 2A

Ila Egan III

John Armstrong. (spicy).

Frances Allan 3A

Jessie Browning 2B.

Bert Irwin (pappy)

Bert Irwin IV.

V. G. Carrie.

Do Do Cameron 2A.

Bennett

Doug Byers 2C.

Doug. Matt.

Marion Ord 3A.

Edmond Duthie III B.

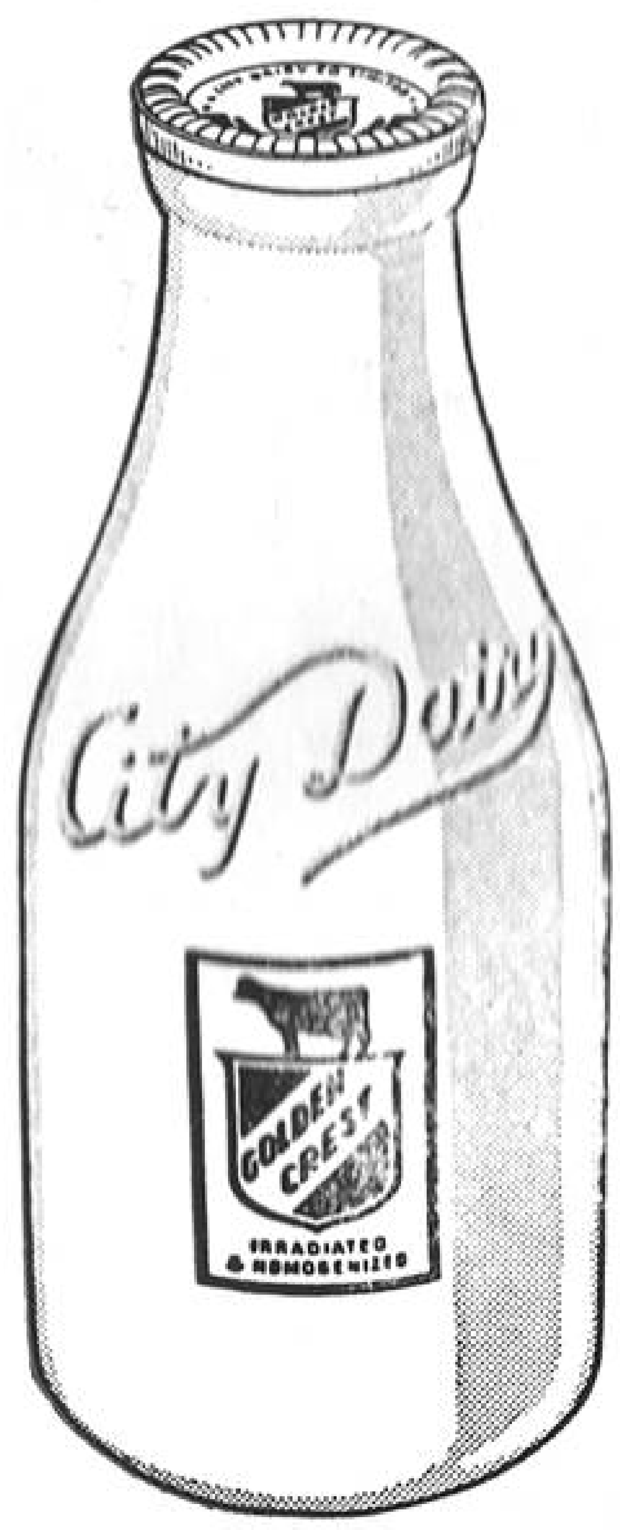
Ross McKelvey IC

Door Slater

Don McIntyre

Freda McKague

John Armstrong



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are drinking

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MILK

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In the Academic Department students are prepared for entrance into the Normal Schools, the Universities and the Professional Schools. Attendance for five years is required to complete the courses in this department.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Students in this department are prepared for commercial pursuits. It requires four years to obtain a Commercial Graduation Diploma. In addition there is a Special One Year Course for those students who have successfully completed at least three years in the Academic Department.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

In the Home Economics Department, girls are prepared for homemaking and positions related to foods and clothing. The length of the course is four years.

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A general course for boys in the fundamental skills and practices in Auto Mechanics, Drafting, Electricity, Machine Shop Practice, Sheet Metal Work and Woodworking is given for two years. In the third and fourth years the student specializes in one subject preparatory to his entrance into industry.

In each of the three departments of the Vocational School, a good general education is given along with the practical training.

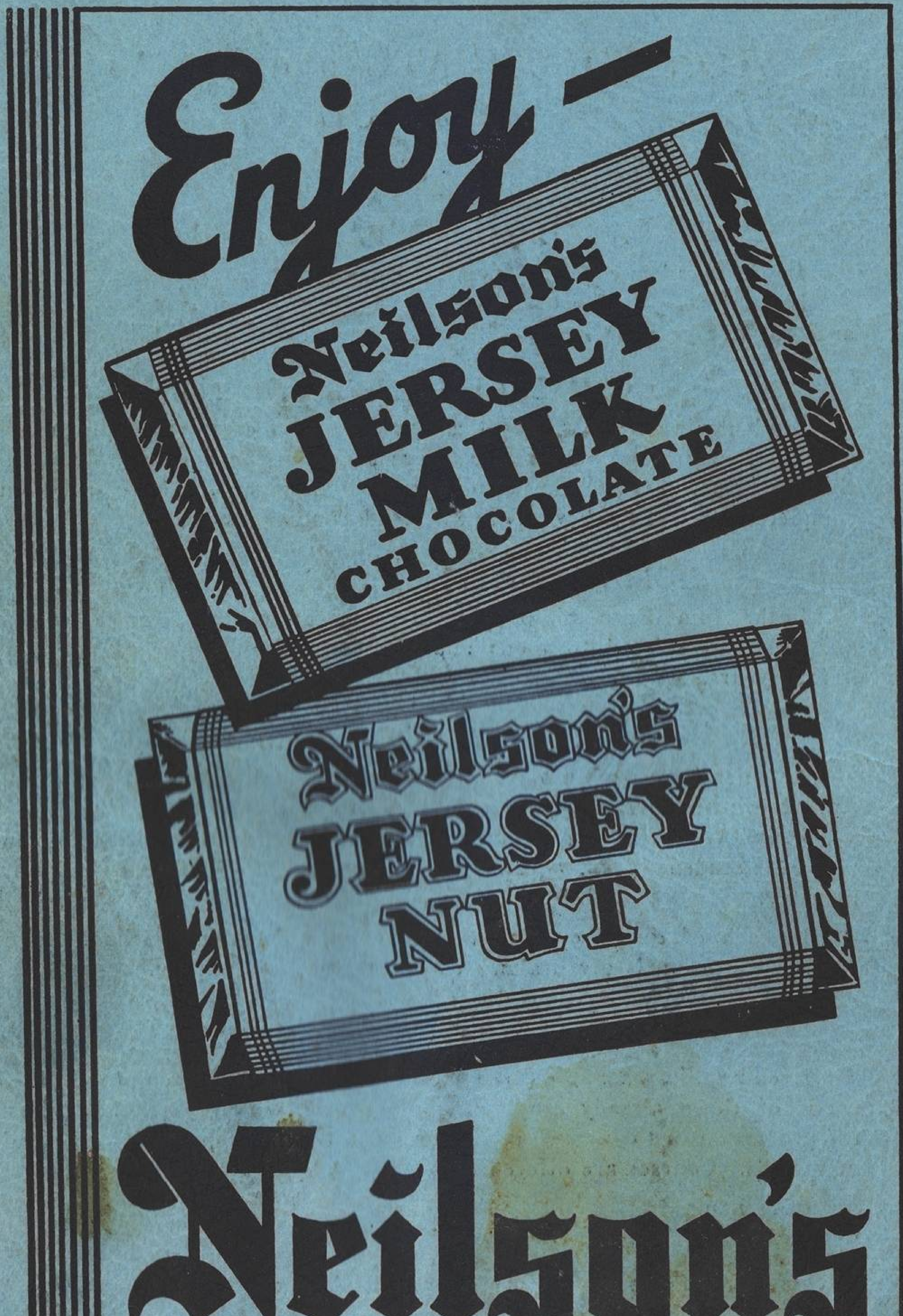
Evening Classes

Evening Classes are offered from October until March, to meet the needs of those already employed. These courses prepare the students for promotion in their present positions or offer an opportunity to acquire new skills. Courses are offered in:

Auto Mechanics	Welding	Cookery
Drafting	Woodworking	Sewing
Electricity	Shop Mathematics	Artcraft
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